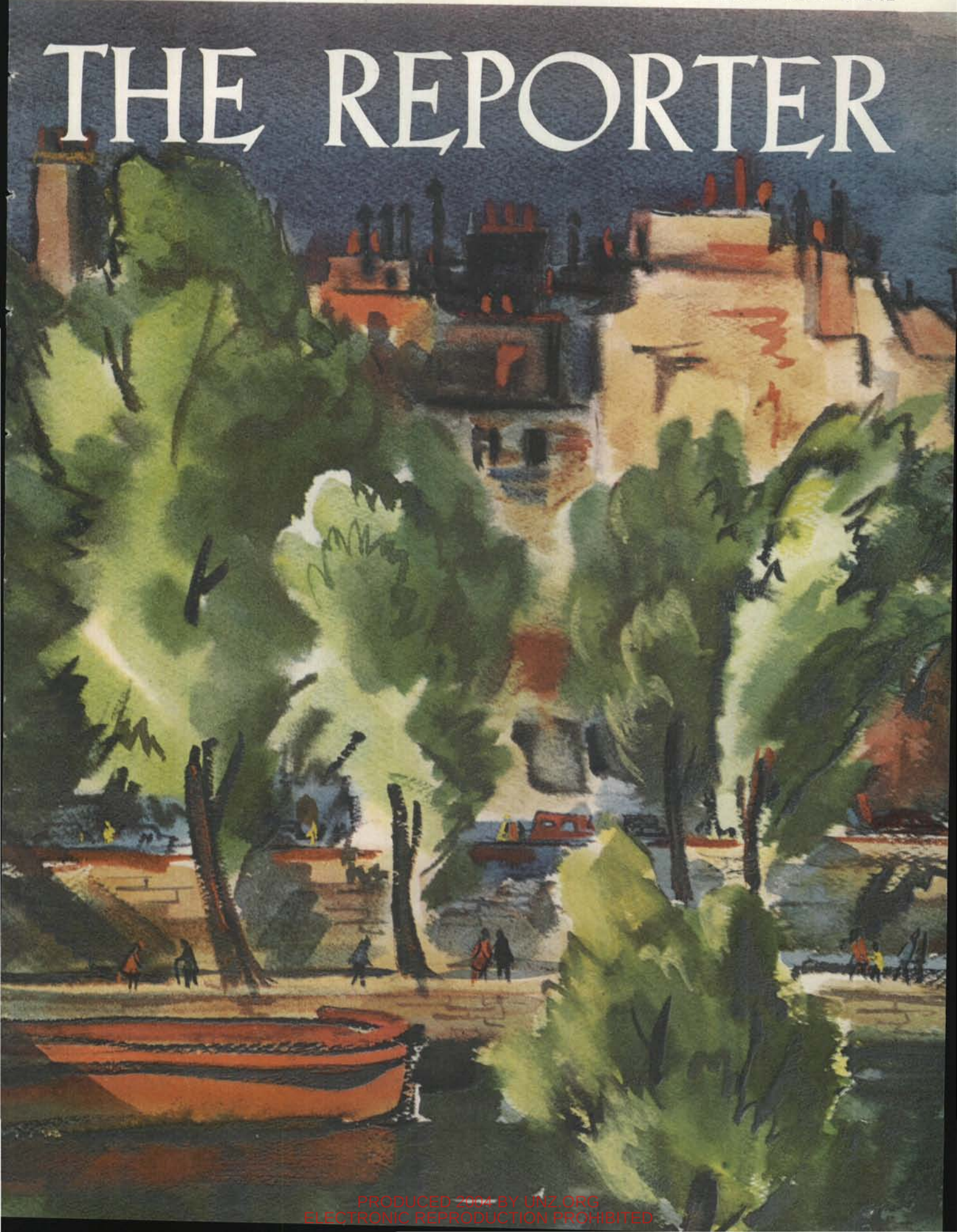
De Gaulle and the Sixth Republic

CDC July 5, 1962 25¢

HOW TEDDY BEAT EDDIE

THE REPORTER



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The rime of the "Modern" Mariner

I sought seclusion by the sea,
Yet would not be alone,
I dwelt forlorn until one morn
I heard—the telephone.

"We're on our way," my Fair One said
"Just leave the beacon on."
A siren song. The day was long,
But no more woebegone.

That night they came, a merry crew,
(They'd won the race that day)
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Without a ricochet.

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I say upon reflection
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Just gin, indeed! With glass in hand
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And as the roar broke on the shore—
My fate stood next to me!

The pallid moon began to wane,
And still my Fair One tarried,
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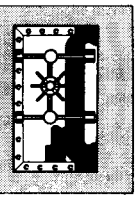

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

Now that the Algerian war is over, both Algeria and France are devoting themselves to the complex and exacting problems of peace. Characteristically, President de Gaulle is already pressing ahead in the long-planned series of moves he has always considered indispensable to create stability in France. When the Fifth Republic was created in 1958, he refrained from asking immediately for the full presidential powers he has always considered necessary, and sought to preserve, to some extent, the old parliamentary institutions as traditional, if unsatisfactory, expressions of the national will. But he has always proceeded toward his ultimate goal with a mixture of determination and prudence. **Edmond Taylor,** our European correspondent, describes the nature of the constitutional reforms he may very soon request. . . . **John K. Cooley** writes about the men who have come to the forefront in Algeria during the long struggle for independence and discusses the nature of the government that may emerge from the July referendum. Mr. Cooley is a special correspondent in North Africa for the *Christian Science Monitor.*

There are, possibly, more impressive potential candidates for the United States Senate than those who will seek election from the state of Massachusetts, but few preliminary skirmishes have attracted as much attention as that between the Democratic and Irish Edward M. Kennedy and the Democratic and Irish Edward J. McCormack, Jr. Our Washington editor, **Douglass Cater,** betook himself to Springfield to witness this awesome clash. The battle was won by Mr. Kennedy; the war, however, will continue until the Democratic primary in September, when the voters, in the privacy of their booths, may or may not come to the same conclusions about the two young men as did the convention delegates. . . . The firm stand taken by France on developing its own nuclear arsenal has recently provoked some rather blunt talk on both sides of the Atlantic on the question of nuclear strategy. **Timothy W. Stanley** examines the arguments of the Kennedy administration, which underlie the remarks of Secretary McNamara at his commencement address at the University of Michigan. Mr. Stanley is a Visiting Research Fellow at the Council on Foreign Affairs, where he is writing a book on the future of NATO. He has held several government and teaching positions in the field of national security affairs. . . . A number of notable commencement addresses have been given this season. **William Lee Miller** discusses some of the implications of one given at Yale University by a celebrated Harvard man in which the President repeatedly called for "technical" and "sophisticated" approaches to our problems—to the detriment of some "ideological," "philosophical," and even "political" considerations that Mr. Kennedy finds no longer relevant. Mr. Miller teaches at the Yale Divinity School. . . . **Mel Elfin** reviews the condition of New York City's schools and analyzes some of the remedies that will have to be found if New York is ever to emerge from its present state of educational underdevelopment. Mr. Elfin is on the staff of *Newsweek.* . . . **Madeleine and Marvin Kalb** report from Moscow on the burgeoning of cultural exchangemanship between the United States and the Soviet Union. Mr. Kalb is with CBS in Moscow.

We take some pride in having been the first national magazine to publish the writing of **Lois Phillips Hudson.** Several of her short stories have appeared in our pages over the past few years and we are happy now to print an excerpt from her first novel, *The Bones of Plenty,* which Atlantic-Little, Brown will publish shortly. . . . **Roland Gelatt** is editor of *High Fidelity.* . . . **Hilton Kramer** reviews a collection of the major work of Djuna Barnes. . . . **William Lee Miller's** second contribution to this issue reveals his conviction that ethics must be applied to pleasure as well as politics.

Our cover for this issue is by **John S. Walsh.**

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CORRESPONDENCE

EICHMANN

To the Editor: I read the article by Abba Eban ("The Eichmann Trial in Retrospect") and your comments in the *Reporter's Notes* (*The Reporter,* June 21) with great interest. I think both statements make important contributions to the final summing up of what must go down in history as one of the significant events of our tragic times.

JUDAH NADICH, Rabbi
Park Avenue Synagogue
New York

To the Editor: Abba Eban's article on the Eichmann trial is a brilliant statement of the *raison d'être* of the trial. Many people, Jewish and non-Jewish, are too ready to forget the Nazi horror. For some, the ugliness and the suffering are more than they can face. For others, the motivation is one of fear, fear that by keeping alive the memory it may endanger Israel or nourish anti-Jewish hostility, that the guilt people feel will be turned against the Jews as the persistent problem. Still others are caught in the confusion over the issue of capital punishment. In view of these tendencies, it was appropriate that you publish Abba Eban's timely and brilliant interpretation.

ALGERNON D. BLACK
Society for Ethical Culture
in the City of New York

To the Editor: A careful reading of Abba Eban's article about the Eichmann trial and your editorial comment leads me to one settled conclusion: you are right. Eban's description of the monstrous character and deeds of Eichmann is reassuring as to his sense of values but not as to his wisdom in taking Eichmann's demonic role under Hitler for good enough ground to execute him. I would only add to your declaration of the folly of capital punishment the remark, echoing Martin Buber's comment, that to kill Eichmann only imitates him on a smaller scale and by the apparent "atonement" of his death creates a false impression among the superficial that the account is somehow squared.

JOSEPH FLETCHER
Professor of Christian Ethics
Episcopal Theological School
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: In brushing aside those "philosophical clouds," you have neglected to consider one of the more essential aspects of the Eichmann trial controversy. The nonhuman actions of the Nazis were but the terrifying consequence of a philosophy that rejected western civilization, liberalism, and humanitarianism and reached its most powerful expression in the writings of Martin Heidegger. What was dreamt of in the philosophy of the German mind made the Nazi scourge a logical result of an irrationalism that had been seething for centuries, Kant to the contrary. Sadly, the continuation of the Heidegger vogue makes one take small comfort in your assurance that Germany typifies a new, humane order.

VICTOR W. SHAPIRO
Fayetteville, North Carolina

To the Editor: You state, "Once society has done its best to erase the crime through the judicial process, the convicted criminal should never be denied, as long as his natural life lasts, the chance to redeem himself." What does this *mean*? How, exactly, does society erase a murder, for instance? With whom does the criminal redeem himself? With society? That's why he's being executed. With God? This is the crux of the problem.

You and others who oppose the death penalty seem to be of the conviction that it is unfair, or cruel, or unkind. Nonsense. Frankly, I believe only an agnostic or atheist can hold such a view. What can possibly be kinder than giving a criminal ample chance to make his peace with God before being given the opportunity to meet Him face to face? What better "rehabilitation"? Also, consider the practical benefits. Society is relieved of the membership of one whose value is questionable, to say the least.

In this day of nauseating sentimentality, when being the bland, inoffensive "nice guy" is considered the pinnacle of virtue, it is soul-satisfying to stand staunchly for something as sensible as capital punishment.

PAUL A. HEIN JR., M.D.
St. Louis

To the Editor: The pros and cons of capital punishment center on the viewpoint which either does or does not regard the convicted as a member of the selfsame society which condemns him. To the advocates of capital punishment he is not a member; thus he is usually labeled "monster" and regarded as an adventitious malignancy dumped in our midst by the incomprehensible forces of evil. And we, who have through the centuries persistently divorced the offender from the pale of our brotherhood, take the ultimate measure in vague hope that the evil will thereby somehow be deterred.

Perhaps our outrage at the appearance of each new monster is born not so much of strong morality as of deep frustration. Our justice and our ethics have been both tricked and mocked. The desire for vengeance is compounded and the circle becomes increasingly more vicious. At the end of his article on Eichmann, Abba Eban seems to sit in dread that another such might again arise. Arise he shall, as long as the races of men persist in viewing themselves primarily as races and only secondarily as men.

Did Abba Eban truly regard Eichmann—that one skinny man in a glassed-in dock—as something alto-

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gether separate from the main stream of humanity of which Abba Eban and all of us are parts? Genocide is so new to us, and so enormous, that it numbs even our wish for comprehension. But it can very easily come again, and whatever comprehension we may have by then acquired may well be our last instrument of survival. Eichmann may have held some clues as to its nature but that particular avenue was blocked in an orgy of justice.

ROBERT DREW
Laguna Beach, California

To the Editor: Your ambivalence about the Eichmann execution is shared by many of my rabbinical colleagues, by Martin Buber, and by many Israelis with whom I have discussed the case. This is not strange. Judaism has historically regarded the execution of and vengeance on its enemies with revulsion. A cursory examination of the Hebrew Bible indicates that it is far removed from the tribal kind of ruthless justice with which it has been associated. And from the much-abused Talmud come these gracious words of restraint and forbearance: "Those who are insulted but do not insult, hear themselves reviled without answering, acting through love and rejoicing through suffering; of them Scripture says, 'But they who love Him are as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.'"

As you have indicated, normal sentiment, tradition, and law simply did not and could not apply in the Eichmann case. The execution of Eichmann can in no way expiate for the unspeakable crimes for which he was in large measure responsible. One can, therefore, understand the reluctance of those people, Christian and Jew, to surrender the conviction against capital punishment. I think that he should have been left to endure his miserable existence, shunned by God and man.

DR. DAVID J. SELIGSON
Central Synagogue
New York

SOUTHEAST ASIA

To the Editor: The articles "Two-Headed Pennies in Laos" by Denis Warner and "An Exposed Flank in South Vietnam" by S. L. A. Marshall (*The Reporter*, June 7) reveal a marked sense of realism in both authors. The situation in Southeast Asia is delicate and complex, and many outside observers seem bewildered, confused, and unable to register more than a sequence of surface events. The two items in question offer a sober and unsuperficial picture of the over-all and specific problems that actually confront us.

You may be pleased to know that *The Reporter* circulates regularly among those members of my staff who are specifically concerned with international affairs.

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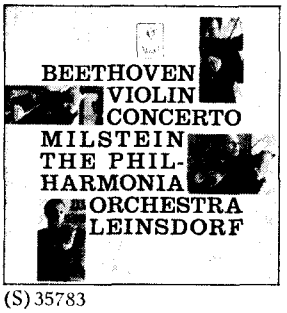

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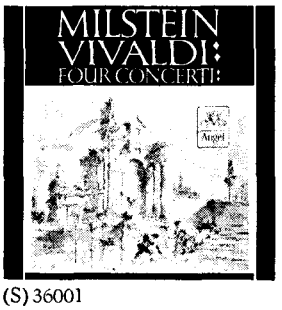

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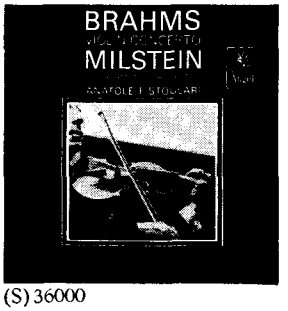

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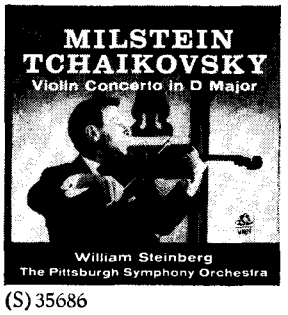

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Myths

As a result of the President's speech in New Haven, the country seems to have spontaneously designated mid-June to mid-July as National Myth Month: everywhere you look, politicians and journalists are undertaking to explode the myths of their choice. We thought we might take the opportunity ourselves to consider all the uses and abuses that have been made of that supremely attractive yet supremely deceptive notion that goes by the name of "peaceful coexistence." The first difficulty proceeds from the fact that nobody can possibly be *against* it. But what are its most tireless professional advocates *for*?

Premier Khrushchev, a year and a half ago, explained that peaceful coexistence was "the high road of international relations," and possibly because the low road would be so monstrous, many in the West have come to consider political and economic competition in the same innocent light as cultural competition. To these people, it is all a matter of tractor deliveries, exchanges of know-hows, and touring concert artists, and may the best soprano win. In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, the process is explained somewhat differently for the enlightenment of the Soviet people. "Reasonable mutual concessions in the interests of peace," a recent article in *Kommunist* explained, "are natural in relations among states, but it is unnatural to try to apply that principle to the ideological struggle." Not long ago Premier Khrushchev further explained and defined the nature of the contest. "There are some people abroad," he complained, "who say: 'There's Khrushchev, claiming he's for peace, while he really calls for war.' This is a flagrant distortion of our views. We are for peace between states but we are for class struggle, for the struggle against the colonialists, for wars of national liberation."

One trouble with this idea, of course, is that it fails to cover wars of liberation in countries that are already liberated. Consider Venezuela, for instance, where the struggle for the minds of men has taken some very strange turns lately. In its three and a half years in office, the left-of-center government of Romulo Betancourt has been subject to harassment and uprisings both from the Right and the Left and most recently from an alliance of the two. President Betancourt has made a strong beginning on school construction, housing, and land reform. The government also enjoys the support of the peasants and of a majority of the workers in trade unions. Still, there have been two Communist-led uprisings this spring.

Come to think of it, when it is applied by the Communists to a country like Venezuela, which has only recently emerged from a bloody dictatorship, peaceful coexistence bears a strange resemblance to a much older and now conveniently forgotten Communist myth—permanent revolution.

War of the Houses

Amid the extraconstitutional struggles that engage Washington, there is one grown presently acute that might not seem surprising to the Founding Fathers. It is being waged between the two Houses of Congress, neither of which is prepared to grant precedence or special privileges to the other. The rivalry crops up in many ways, most of them pertinent to a system of government whose genius lies in its checks and balances. But try as we may, we fail to find genius in the petulant squabble now going on between the two chairmen of the House and Senate Appropriations Committees.

The cause of the trouble, it appears, was the Senate committee's bland expectation that House committee members would come over to

TIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE

Americans Found to Lack Leisure; Philosopher Says They Keep Too Busy During Time Spent Off the Job.
—New York Times

Lie down and listen to the crabgrass grow,
The faucet leak, and learn to leave them so.
Feel how the breezes play about your hair
And sunlight settles on your breathing skin.
What else can matter but the drifting glance
On dragonfly or sudden shadow there
Of swans aloft and the whiffle of their wings
On air to other ponds? Nothing but this:
To see, to wonder, to receive, to feel
What lies in the circle of your singleness.
Think idly of a woman or a verse
Or bees or vapor trails or why the birds
Are still at noon. Yourself, be still—
There is no living when you're nagging time
And stunting every second with your will.
You work for this: to be the sovereign
Of what you slave to have—not
Slave.

—SEC

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the Senate side of the Capitol whenever it was necessary to hold a conference on the money bills. Some months ago, Clarence Cannon, chairman of House Appropriations, who has been in the House since 1923, put his foot down. But Carl Hayden, chairman of Senate Appropriations, who has been in Congress since 1911, proved equally adamant. Members of the two committees, Democrat and Republican alike, stood blindly loyal to their respective leaders. As a result, there have been no conferences on the money bills—which means no money bills.

A compromise get-together was finally arranged the other day in the old Supreme Court Chamber, which is near the center of the Capitol. But the meeting was a fiasco. House members argued that Senator Hayden, who always presided in the past, should turn over the gavel half the time to Congressman Cannon. Senate members countered with the proposition that the House, which customarily originates all the spending measures, should give the Senate first crack on a fifty-fifty basis. Everyone departed in a huff, although fully aware that appropriations might run out and government pay checks cease unless two tired old men reconciled their vanities.

Georgia Gets the Vote

The Supreme Court's stand on equal representation in the Tennessee case has provoked consternation among politicians of many states, but nowhere with such sharp impact as in Georgia. On September 12, Democratic voters in Georgia—which is to say most of the electorate—will choose their party's candidates by popular vote for the first time in fifty-four years. Last April a Federal Court of Appeals in Atlanta struck down the county-unit system and a month later the state's present system of legislative apportionment was voided by a decree that upheld the right of urban residents to proportionate representation in at least one house of the Georgia General Assembly. Since the U. S. Supreme Court has now refused to hear the appeal filed by state officials before the September primary, the machinery of rural power will be suspended in the election, and perhaps for good.

Written into law in 1917, the county-unit system gave each of Georgia's 159 counties from two to six votes in choosing nominees for state and Federal office. No matter how small, no county had less than two votes. No matter how large it grew, no county could have more than six units. In elections, each county awarded its block of votes to the candidate winning the county's popular votes. This formula gave the state's six urban centers less than ten per cent of the unit vote although they came to have almost half of the population. The apportionment of seats in the state legislature, based on the same sort of reckoning, compounded the misrepresentation.

With the whole political structure weighted in favor of small counties, the late Eugene Talmadge, master of the rural stump, was fond of saying he never bothered about campaigning where there were streetcars and sidewalks. Old Gene, his hair disheveled and thumbing his red suspenders, knew the unit system would bring him home. On numerous occasions the system reversed the popular vote. But it was more than a numbers game rigged in favor of the country cousins. The system poisoned the whole atmosphere of Georgia politics. The situation tended to create widespread apathy among urban voters who saw no way to break the system.

But within hours of the Supreme Court's Tennessee reapportionment decision of March 26, a retired Atlanta businessman, James O'Hear Sanders, filed suit against the unit system, claiming that it denied him equal protection of the laws because it diluted the value of his vote. In short order, two other suits challenged Georgia's legislative apportionment and allocation of Congressional districts, and the legislature was summoned to emergency session to try to save the unit system from the courts. When a revised unit system was presented to the Federal Court of Appeals on April 27, it was struck down within twenty-four hours as unconstitutional because it perpetrated an "invidious discrimination" against city voters.

Georgia received the ruling with surprising tolerance. "The most astounding thing," one Democrat said, "is that it's awfully hard to find a state politician who is for the unit system any longer. From the press reports and the comments of politicians, it appears the decision was extremely popular."

Among other things, the ruling has served to bring forth urban candidates for major state offices; it has forced old-line politicians to change their pitch; and although it is too soon for statistics, an unusually large number of city residents appear to be rushing to register in time for this year's elections.

Some politicians will be unable or unwilling to bend with the winds of change, but such astute veterans as Senators Herman Talmadge and Richard Russell are likely to survive in the new order. This year's primary may be the last to present such gubernatorial candidates as former governor Marvin Griffin, a hard-line segregationist from rural south Georgia. There will be no quick and sure rise to power of an urban political coalition. The cities are divided among themselves. They are not solidly forward-looking by any means, nor do they make a cohesive political force of any sort. Most of them, after all, are well supplied with people just a few years off the farm who did not leave their conservative attitudes behind them. This makes it clear that no decisive and co-ordinated liberal-labor Negro coalition in Georgia's cities lies just over the horizon. Southern labor is still predominantly anti-Negro, and its feelings may become more pronounced in the next few years as Negroes intensify their drive for equal job opportunities. The big question is whether Georgia will adjust to change or remain rigidly segregationist, like Alabama. There is at least reason to hope that Georgia will swing toward North Carolina's example, attracting more and more industry and paying more heed to the growing needs of its urban complexes.

The death of the unit system in itself will not produce a complete transformation. It must be accompanied by an easing of racial tensions, an effective reapportionment of the state legislature, and the recognition on the part of both urban and rural leaders that their fates are interdependent. But the time would seem to be ripe.

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MAX ASCOLI

Shifting Priorities

In recent weeks the President has been busily extending, as the newspapers put it, olive branches to the business community. For some reason, all these branches have got woven into a wreath resting on the head of Roger Blough. The chief malefactor of the seventy-two-hour saga has become the major evidence of the administration's forgiving friendliness toward business. During those hectic hours the President went so far as to state, on the authority of his knowledgeable father, that all steelmen (or was it big businessmen?) are a rather mongrel breed. Soon thereafter, all doubts about ancestry were satisfactorily resolved.

Domestic issues, particularly those related to our economy, have come to outrank international affairs, it would appear, both for the public and for the administration. The news from Wall Street has brought to a large number of Americans a far closer sense of danger than the news from Laos or Berlin. The rationalizations for this change in the objects of national concern are abundant and persuasive. It has been said, for instance, that Khrushchev has plenty of troubles with the economy of his country and so have we. Thus the President can turn his attention to domestic crises, one of which will come up on schedule next November with the Congressional elections.

The assumption of parallel difficulties within the two antagonistic systems seems to blur the sharpness of the antagonism itself. To be sure, Khrushchev does not stop proclaiming his undying faith in the ultimate victory of Communism in every country, ours included. But since he has said that he will leave to us the hoisting of the Red Flag to our masthead and since we are determined not to comply, let him blabber to his heart's content, while we take note of his intention to postpone once again his ultimatum on Berlin. The President can use this precarious stabilization of international disorder to bring a more secure order in our own economy.

This is an extremely activistic, hortatory administration. Invocations to national solidarity between government, management, and labor have been forthcoming with ever-increasing regularity, and with a rather complete disregard for the fact that similar efforts have failed distinctly in the past.

Once the administration rediscovered that what the nation's economy needed was to start moving ahead and that this was the most urgent item on the national agenda, it really started moving. It started moving in all possible directions and sometimes it was stopped from fatal blunders in the nick of time, as when for instance, according to a number of press and agency reports, the administration, panicked by the stock-market crash, was on the verge of easing credit control—the so-called margin requirement. It moved ahead in proposing tax reductions and a number of other measures designed to promote business investment; it found itself entangled in a number of bitter labor-management disputes and invariably torn between the urge to intervene forcibly and the fear that too much intervention would rouse the resentment of the contending parties. All these activities and many more, relentless and exuberant, were marred by one excusable yet basic fault: the administration talked too much. Its anxiety to loudly proclaim its willingness to act was far greater than the wisdom of any of its intended actions. It thought it could correct many specific troublesome situations by authoritatively asserting general principles or guide lines.

So, for example, it happened that when administration spokesmen tried to define the level at which the stock market should be stabilized, it immediately slumped well below that level. When a guide line was suggested synchronizing increases in wages and prices to national productivity, countless attempts were made at once, particularly by labor, to go well beyond the guide-line level. Somehow it happened that the more numerous the attempts to get the economy moving ahead, the more harrowing became the prospect of sliding back. No wonder there is such uneasiness about our economy: all the moving and doing and talking by the high command seem only to produce a tense stillness.

Strangely enough, before diplomatic affairs were demoted to a lower priority something of the same kind took place there too. The administration has a singular knack: it makes swift, daring thrusts to the heart of a problem; then it sits by waiting for developments and making speeches. Thus, once it had solemnly established the double guide line of the indivisibility of our supreme military leadership of the alliance and of the indivisibility of the alliance itself, interallied unity sank so low that Secretary Rusk had to embark on an emergency tour of the major allied capitals.

There is something quite engaging about these New Frontiersmen; they are overactive and playful; they are dogmatic but their dogmatism is relieved by the absence of dogmas. One must still have confidence that some day they will learn how to move about more sedately, how to stop running around all the time, and how to talk a little less. But when?

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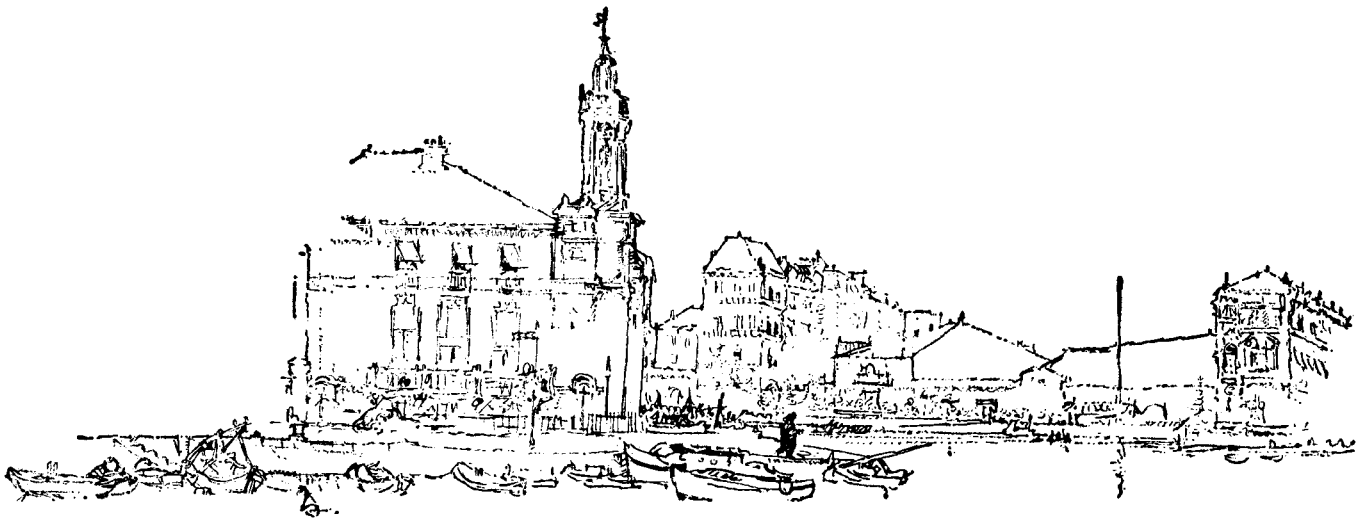

De Gaulle and the Sixth Republic

EDMOND TAYLOR

PARIS

"I DON'T DENY that there are obstacles but we are going to keep on advancing toward our destiny," President de Gaulle told a cheering crowd in the little town of Lons-le-Saunier in the Jura Mountains during his most recent provincial tour early in June. "If it were necessary to ask the country's opinion on this point, I am sure that its answer would be clear and firm."

The general's words were even more cryptic than usual. But it is obvious from the almost truculent ring in his voice that neither the maniacal hatred of his extremist adversaries, who again plotted to murder him during the trip, nor the growing opposition to his leadership from professional politicians of almost every complexion has shaken his faith in his own star. He is convinced that he still has the overwhelming support of the French masses—judging from the response of the crowds during his tour, he is right—and he is ready for a showdown with the nation's political elite. In fact de Gaulle now seems determined to seek this showdown soon.

Although the OAS has been split by the recent truce agreement in Algeria, it is seeking to intensify its attacks on the régime in mainland France. The OAS remains an element in the present trial of strength between de Gaulle and the growing list of his domestic opponents. So does the controversy that has been raging here over his European and NATO policies, especially his determination, whatever the cost, to create an independent French nuclear deterrent. The long-range outlook for the European community, the short-term problem of caring for the refugees from Algeria, the basic uncertainty as to whether responsible or demagogic leadership will prevail in Algeria after independence, and the persistent labor unrest in France are likewise factors in the crisis. Underlying all these questions, however, is something more fundamental. De Gaulle seems to be deliberately heading into the political storm, convinced that, as in the past, rough weather will help him complete the task of transforming France into what he considers a modern democracy.

One-Man Democracy?

The debate over how this transformation can best be effected goes back to the creation of the Fifth Republic after de Gaulle's return to power in 1958. What might be termed the revolutionary Gaullists urged the general at that time to sweep away the debris of parliamentary democracy and set up the authoritarian "pure and hard" republic he had advocated back in the crusading days of the Rally of the French People (RPF).

The more worldly Gaullists and those leaders of the Fourth Republic who rallied to him as democracy's last bulwark against the fascist-minded colonels following the May 13, 1958, coup in Algeria opposed such a radical break with tradition. They were anxious to reassure the country's *notables*—its political elite from the village level up—and avoid alienating its bureaucratic caste, which welcomed a strong executive provided its chief continued to let his permanent staff run things. The status quo faction thus not only sought to uphold the formal rights of parliament but in varying degrees to defend the entrenched privileges of the "intermediary bodies"—a flexible term in the Gaullist vocabulary covering organized political machines, labor unions as public pressure groups, most special-interest lobbies, and in general all the corporate middlemen that act as brokers between the power of the state and the unorganized mass of its citizens.

The constitution of the Fifth Re-

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public reflected an uneasy compromise between the two contradictory tendencies. The dichotomy has been no less apparent in the ranks of the Gaullist Union for the New Republic (UNR) and even at times in the thoughts of de Gaulle himself. His distaste for "intermediary bodies" and his preference for direct democracy have been manifested by his increasingly systematic use of the referendum as a technique of government. Although his critics charge that the referendum is more of a plebiscite to endorse the president's leadership than a meaningful consultation of the electorate on specific policies, de Gaulle remains firmly convinced, as he put it in his recent television speech, that "...this direct accord between the people and the man who is charged with leading them has under modern conditions become essential to the republic."

In a less formal way, de Gaulle's frequent provincial tours and the kind of ritual yet intimate dialogue with the masses that ensues from them play a vital role in his concept of democratic leadership. They are a curious mixture of a royal inspection in the times of Louis XIV and of a Presidential whistle-stop campaign in the United States. De Gaulle is convinced that he has developed a useful new technique, again bypassing the middlemen, for reducing the civic alienation of the average Frenchman which under the Fourth Republic often seemed a serious threat to the survival of free institutions.

Politics and Treason

At the same time, he has continued since 1958 to play the political game according to the traditional rules. When he dropped Premier Michel Debré, an advocate of reconciliation between the Gaullist state and its often unruly bureaucratic barons but an unpopular figure in parliament, he tried hard to broaden the parliamentary base of the new government by inviting representative leaders from several non-Gaullist Center or Center-Left parties to enter the cabinet of Premier Georges Pompidou. Only the Catholic Democrats (MRP) responded—halfheartedly and fleetingly.

The Pompidou government was invested in the National Assembly by a humiliatingly narrow majority and only after a rough debate that in a sense marked the first stage of the present crisis.

The second stage was launched when the five MRP ministers abruptly walked out of the government in protest against de Gaulle's European policy, after his press conference in May. Thus began the fevered and somewhat Byzantine debate, or dispute, that is still going on in French political circles over such theoretical issues as the exact degree of supranationality that is desirable at various stages of European unification.

THE NEXT STAGE was reached later in May, when the special high tribunal that de Gaulle had created to try the military leaders of the OAS incredibly found extenuating circumstances in the crimes committed by the organization's supreme leader, former General Raoul Salan, and sentenced him to life imprisonment despite the fact that it had condemned his subordinate Edmond Jouhaud to death. The shock of the verdict was all the more violent because the court had allowed Salan's lawyer to convert the proceedings into what was virtually a trial of de Gaulle, and had looked the other way when Salan's supporters staged a noisy victory celebration in the courtroom.

"The state is menaced by this verdict," de Gaulle is reported to have told his entourage. The president was persuaded with great difficulty to defer Jouhaud's execution and to release a letter written in his death cell that called on his OAS comrades to lay down their arms.

The Salan affair showed the inability of the Gaullist state to impose discipline on some of its own servants, for the members of the high tribunal had been specially selected by the government from the top ranks of French military and civil officialdom to mete out implacable if theoretically impartial justice. It was in a sense a Gaullist family drama, proceeding from the profound crisis of conscience that de Gaulle's decision to "decolonize" the republic's Algerian provinces has provoked in the hearts of France's most dedicated soldiers and officials, many of them once de Gaulle's faithful followers. Inevitably this tragedy has been exploited by the political opposition, and has helped to cement what Cyrus Sulzberger in the New York *Times* termed the "curious misalliance" between certain pro-European and pro-American elements in the National Assembly and the leadership of the OAS insurrection.

De Gaulle himself has considerable respect for certain leaders of the more responsible elements of his opposition, such as the Socialist Guy Mollet and the Catholic Pierre Pflimlin—rather more respect, perhaps, than for many of the Gaullist wheelhorses—but he increasingly tends to consider all politicians, adversaries and supporters alike, as disoriented in varying degrees by the growing anachronism of their role.

Yet the President must be held in large measure personally responsible for the accelerated decadence of parliamentary politics and perhaps of parliamentary politicians, under the Fifth Republic. His towering personality and aloof authoritarianism deaden initiative among his supporters, while they stifle responsible opposition from his adversaries. The result, inevitably, is irresponsible opposition.

Cutting Out the Middleman

While de Gaulle's crushing presence is accountable for much of the widespread demoralization among French politicians, there are other more basic factors involved. In France as in other contemporary democracies, political middlemen have less and less to do simply because technocrats of one kind or another have been taking over their traditional powers. In the long run, the supranational executives of the Common Market and the other European communities, with their indirect but steadily growing powers to influence the price that a French peasant gets for producing a liter of wine or to determine the amount of maternity leave due an office worker, are a greater threat than de Gaulle to the status of the French political caste. Even the lobbies in France seem more and more inclined to bypass parliamentary channels in favor of administrative short cuts or mass publicity campaigns, though they continue doling out reduced brokerage commissions to

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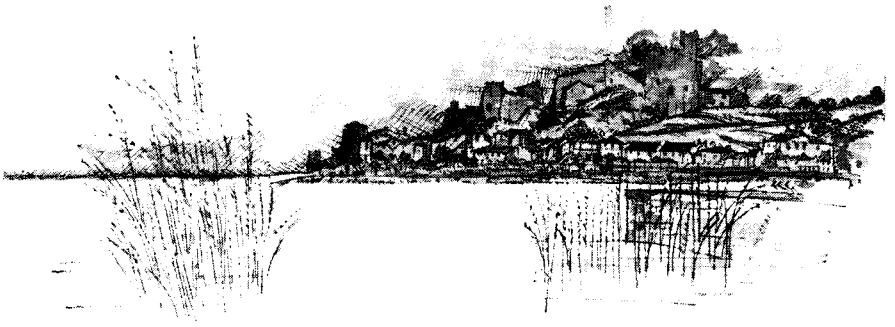
the classic type of political middleman. (The little office on a quiet street near the Madeleine from which one of the greatest French industrial lobbies supports, with admirable impartiality, most of the political machines in France is still open for business, but the envelopes it periodically turns over to their bosses are said to be thinner than they used to be.)

De Gaulle's conviction that the decline or dysfunction of the "intermediary bodies" is an inevitable historic process apparently leads in his mind to the conclusion that there is little value in trying to patch up a truce with the opposition leaders. For the same reason, he is less enthusiastic than some of his lieutenants about attempting to provoke the breakup and realignment of existing political organizations and he has never been more than lukewarm about trying to build up the UNR as a permanent national force. Instead, it is now clear that he is determined on a constitutional reform that will strengthen his direct links with the masses and indirectly curb the remaining power of the "intermediary bodies" to obstruct his policies. In effect this means converting the Fifth Republic into an unavowed Sixth Republic substantially closer in its structure and spirit to the original Gaullist ideal.

A Showdown Is Coming

Perhaps de Gaulle has not yet made up his own mind about how far it is possible and desirable to go. Almost certainly he is not planning to suppress the legislative powers of the National Assembly, notably in budgetary matters. "I intend to maintain the prerogatives of parliament," he assured a parliamentary delegation recently. He told the same group that he was thinking in terms of a "French-style régime taking into account the diversity of parties." It is not even certain that he plans to suppress the Senate, the already somewhat shadowy upper house of parliament, though many Gaullists advocate doing so.

But even the minimal change de Gaulle will surely insist upon—the election of the president by direct universal suffrage instead of by an electoral college of some fifty thousand *notables* as at present—has far-reaching implications. So has the intended companion measure of similarly electing a vice-president who would automatically move into the Elysée when a vacancy occurs, since it would leave parliament



without influence over the succession. (Under the present constitution the president of the senate would succeed.) It would be wrong to think of these steps as creating a presidential republic on the American model because, as de Gaulle's adversaries justly point out, the President of the United States cannot threaten Congress with dissolution. As far as is known, de Gaulle intends to retain his present right of dissolution while reinforcing the presidential authority by the switch to direct suffrage.

De Gaulle realizes that he is throwing down the challenge for a fight to the finish, not only with the present opposition but with almost the whole corporation of political middlemen and all the multifarious interests that employ them. The violence of the clash will serve to magnify the political impact of his victory. He is counting on this, and, with the help of the French people, he intends to win. For if he does win, it will not only mean the consolidation of his own power but very possibly the perpetuation of his major policies for an indefinite future through the successor he will choose.

"Foam," he said recently to a visitor, referring to the hostility of the nation's political elites, "nothing but the foam of the wave. The depths of the popular mass are with me."

NORMALLY, many political observers would not agree with his optimism. Constitutional change is always a tricky business. And the present constitution places many obstacles between de Gaulle and his objective. To bypass parliament by submitting the proposed reforms to the nation in a referendum—as de Gaulle's recent television address seemed to hint he was planning—would be dubious constitutionally. Many would consider it a veiled *coup d'état*. To force revision through parliament would seem to imply elections and the sweeping victory of a nonpartisan "Gaullist front" of deputies specifically pledged to constitutional reform. This is a possible but hazardous course, for while the latest developments in Algeria have strengthened de Gaulle's hand, there is no indication that they have either demoralized or disarmed his domestic adversaries.

By calling for a showdown with the politicians over the future form of the state when he already has a multiple crisis on his hands, de Gaulle seems to be asking for trouble. But the very seriousness of the crisis is a political asset. The OAS, with some help from the respectable politicians, is doing everything possible to make chaos look like the only alternative to de Gaulle. And when confronted with a choice between de Gaulle or chaos, there can be no doubt which the French people will choose. Though de Gaulle is violently berated by a minority of the population, he still remains the only possible focus for the greatest measure of national unity that France seems capable of attaining in this generation. The stakes are rising every day. The course that de Gaulle has chosen greatly increases the danger that he will be murdered or overthrown by an armed insurrection. At the same time, it reduces the likelihood that anything short of murder or revolution can prevent the president from achieving his goal.

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The Founding Fathers Of a New Algeria

JOHN K. COOLEY

TUNIS

THE SCENE was one of the scrubby little offices where the press staff of the Algerian National Liberation Front (FLN) has talked to newsmen ever since it transferred its headquarters here from Cairo in 1957. The man sitting opposite me, under nationalist Algeria's white and green flag with its red star and crescent, was one of the twelve ministers of Premier Benyoussef Ben Khedda's Algerian Provisional Government, or GPRA. This is the FLN's politico-diplomatic arm, which is destined to disappear when, if all goes according to expectations, a sovereign government emerges from the July 1 referendum in Algeria.

"Fundamentally," the minister said, "there is a close parallel between Algeria's own problems and those of the FLN as an organization. The provisional executive authority backed by us and by General de Gaulle has to crush the Secret Army Organization and restore order. Algeria has to make the transition to peace. At the same time, the FLN as a movement has to convert from a war-making body to a peacetime political party without abandoning the revolution, especially in the social field. We have a new country and a new society to build. We cannot do so without building a new party at the same time.

"In doing so, there will not be any game of musical chairs. Mohammed Ben Bella and the other ministers who were imprisoned by the French have no more and no less a voice in our work than anyone else."

Many times during the Algerian war and on several occasions since the signing of the Evian peace accords with France on March 18, the FLN has affirmed the collective nature of its leadership and condemned the principle of the "personality cult." Collective leadership was set forth in the platform of the FLN's Soumman Valley Congress held inside Algeria in August, 1956. It has remained FLN doctrine ever since. Even Ben Bella, who after his release on the eve of the Evian accords seemed determined to make a bid for one-man leadership of the Algerians, has now—at least for the time being—accepted the principle.

The Soumman Platform

The Soumman Congress is very roughly to Algeria what the Virginia Convention and the Congress of 1776 were to the American colonies. Out of it emerged the beginnings of a political organization that in the months ahead will play a central role in determining Algeria's form of government.

By the summer of 1956, difficulties of liaison with the six military zones, or *wilayas*, inside Algeria had made it clear that a small but all-powerful body was needed to co-ordinate all the political and military work of the rebellion, both inside and outside Algeria. To form this body, and to set down the FLN's guiding directives in permanent form, it was decided to convoke all the key men, military and political, at a secret meeting opening August 20, 1956, in the valley of the Soumman River between the Grande and Petite Kabylie Mountains.

The platform drafted at Soumman is substantially the same as that proposed by the FLN to Algeria's voters in the July 1 referendum: real and not merely nominal independence; social revolution and not merely reform; refusal of double nationality to the Europeans but strict guarantees of their personal security and property, whether or not they choose to become Algerian citizens. Most important, the Soumman meeting set up the Algerian National Revolutionary Council, or CNRA, which is today the central and most vital Algerian power group. Everyone holding any key post in the Algerian nationalist movement must draw his authority from it. Most of the revolution's inner history since Soumman can be told in terms of the CNRA's secret deliberations.

EACH TIME the seventy-two-member CNRA has met, it has made vital decisions about the conduct of the war and the planning of the peace. The Cairo session of 1957, for example, prepared new strategy, based on moving military and command structures out of Algeria and into the neighboring sanctuaries of Morocco and Tunisia. The 1958 CNRA session, again in Cairo, created the first Provisional Government, the GPRA, with the elder statesman Ferhat Abbas as premier. By this time, Ben Bella and his four companions had been captives of the French for nearly two years. But the naming of Ben Bella as a vice-premier of the GPRA—along with Belkacem Krim, the stocky leader of the Kabylie mountaineers—and the granting of portfolios as ministers of state to Ben Bella's companions in captivity demonstrated that the original architects of the revolution had not lost influence. After General de Gaulle's speech of September 16, 1959, offering Algeria self-determination, the council abandoned the FLN's "independence first" position and gave Ferhat Abbas authority to establish contacts with the French. Then in August, 1961, the CNRA met again in Tripoli. It withdrew its mandate from Ferhat Abbas and gave the premiership to Benyoussef Ben Khedda.

Tryouts in Tripoli

The French press did much to fashion an image of Ben Khedda as a left-wing social revolutionary—a true image to some extent. The effect, certainly unexpected, was to make it easier to negotiate new compromises with the French. Ferhat Abbas, a sixty-four-year-old conservative who had waited two years after the outbreak of war to join the FLN, would have never dared endorse such compromises. Had he done so, he would very likely have been accused by FLN militants of having sold out to the French. Ben Khedda, on the other hand, commanded the confidence of the entire organization in almost any move he chose to make. A tireless worker of forty-four, he was a veteran of the early years of underground work in the Algiers area

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and had the express approval of Ben Bella. In the days of the Soumman Congress, which he helped to organize, he accepted collective leadership and became one of its most orthodox exponents. His colleagues consider him a rare blend of revolutionary zeal, modesty, and discretion. Ben Khedda was the decisive figure at the CNRA session, held in Tripoli last February, that was called to review the secret talks with the French at Rousses, France, and to determine whether it would be possible to move into the final negotiations at Evian.

The council met outside Algeria for the last time in Tripoli last month. Ben Bella, now free, was the chairman of the steering committee charged with preparing for independence. Reports of sharp disagreement between Ben Bella and Ben Khedda over the relationship between the state and the FLN party may indicate that the discipline prevailing during the war years will be severely strained during the organization of the new government. Be that as it may, the plans for Algeria's future that emerged from the secret meetings in Tripoli call for a strong central government directed by a militant central committee of the FLN. A constituent assembly to be elected by the people will choose the premier.

WHEN Algeria elects an assembly after the referendum, the CNRA may become the central committee of an FLN transformed into a political party. Its leading personalities and inner structure therefore have unusual interest—all the more so since they are little known to the outside world. Algerians are so sensitive to outside scrutiny of the council that correspondents were refused Libyan visas during recent sessions in Tripoli.

All CNRA decisions have to be taken by four-fifths vote. Each of the five military zones (or *wilayas*) currently in operation has the right to five votes. In the past, each *wilaya* was represented by one or two delegates who cast the votes in a bloc. The powerful FLN Federation of France has four votes, and one vote each is cast by the "western base" (the armed forces in Morocco) and the "eastern base" (units in Tunisia). Staff officers each have one vote, as do members of the GPRA in office. Other individual votes are scattered among ambassadors, former ministers, and other prominent Algerians.

Much nonsense has been written, especially in the French popular press, about the supposed "tendencies" inside the CNRA: "hard-liners" and "soft-liners," "pro-Communists" and "pro-westerners." The situation faced by the FLN as it converts to peace is both simpler and more complex than this. In 1954, Ben Khedda and others were the "centralists," advocates of a political solution and opponents of the armed insurrection being planned by Ben Bella and his

followers, whom they termed "romantics" because of their determination to launch what seemed to be an impossible fight and because of their mistrust of peaceful and parliamentary roads to Algerian independence.

During the seven-year Algerian rebellion, centralists and romantics became reconciled in combat, just as Ben Bella's long imprisonment largely eliminated the controversy over the personality cult vs. collective leadership. But the February debate at Tripoli sounded like the old days of the centralist-romantic feud all over again. This time, there were two spokesmen for the "romantics." Both military men, they opposed the suggested compromise that would permit French troops and French administrators to remain in Algeria for three more years and up to fifteen years in such military bases as Mers el-Kebir. One of these spokesmen was Omar Oussedik, who has since been given the command of the FLN political and military apparatus in greater Algiers, and who has been trying to keep his troops from violating the Evian accords in the face of Secret Army provocation. The second was Commandant Ben Slimane, the chief of Wilaya V (Oran and Western Algeria), who spoke out bitterly against ratification of the Rousses text.

With the approval of Ben Bella and his imprisoned companions, the centralists—represented by Ben Khedda, Foreign Minister Saad Dahlab, and Minister of Information M'Hammed Yazid—were able to answer all the objections and win the debate. The negotiating team was sent back for the final discussions with the French and for the signing on March 18 at Evian. It is likely, however, that the so-called "romantics" will seize upon the difficulties of applying the Evian accords in the terror-ridden Secret Army strongholds of Algiers and Oran as a powerful argument to continue their opposition to the whole concept of the Evian compromises.

Insiders and Outsiders

Another source of potential discord is the difference in outlook between the men who have fought for long periods inside Algeria and of others like Yazid and Ben Bella who have always remained outside the country.

An army captain in the Aurès Mountains recently put it this way: "We have no quarrel with what some might call the 'armchair generals' in the GPRA in Tunis, or the 'salon revolutionaries' who have been sitting out the war performing diplomatic missions in places like New York, Moscow, or Cairo. I know that these people, or most of them, have done a good job for us, and many were soldiers like ourselves. But we have marched on foot in the mountains, slept on the ground in all types of weather, and sometimes fought French troops who out-

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numbered us ten to one. It is more difficult to be a soldier than it is to be a politician or diplomat."

Before the cease-fire, the electrified barriers on the frontiers kept the FLN leaders working inside Algeria, out of contact with the broad political and diplomatic currents that preoccupied their colleagues in Tunis and in the major world capitals. Where the "outsiders" tend to think in terms of securing Algeria's United Nations seat next fall and of its place among the Afro-Asian nations, the "insiders" are far more concerned with internal problems and the stupendous domestic task of building a new Algerian nation.

Nasserian Neutralism

Still another divergence in FLN ranks is that between the two generations of Algerian leaders. The traditional leader of the older men is Ferhat Abbas, who though steeped in French political and literary culture found the courage to break with his journalistic and parliamentary past and join the FLN. At present he is writing a history of the revolution. But the respect he commands abroad and among the well-to-do Moslems inside Algeria may well predestine him for further important posts.

A twenty-three-year-old Algerian student in Tunis, who has studied at a university in the Midwestern United States and who enjoys a position of trust close to Ben Khedda, expressed one difference between the old and the new. "Ferhat Abbas and his crowd," he said, "were the pioneers. We respect them for it. But they could hardly be called revolutionaries. Only recently have a few of them begun to understand things like the agrarian problem and how labor unions operate."

The chief of the nationalist labor federation attached to the FLN, Abdennour Ali Yahia, is one of the most articulate of the younger-generation leaders. He recently told a meeting of the FLN leaders in Tunis that "agrarian reform is the basis of all progress in Algeria, whether in the economic, social, cultural, or political fields." If there are any young conservatives among the Algerians, they have not yet come to the fore.

One link between the generations is the group around Ben Khedda—men like Minister of Armaments and Liaison Abdelhafid Boussouf, who is thirty-five; Yazid, thirty-nine; Krim, forty. Another is formed by Ben Bella, forty-six, and such associates as the relatively unknown but brilliant Mohammed Boudiaf, forty-three. This medium-age group is the real core of power in today's Algerian nationalist movement. It has integrated the political and military experience of the war years and earlier with the ideas about social revolution propagated by the younger men.

Many of the Algerian leaders talk of social revolution in terms of Islamic precepts. Ben Bella is both anti-Marxist and anti-capitalist. What he plans, as he explained recently, is an Algerian state that may eventually be able to rid itself of all western and eastern ideological domination. Neither Ben Bella nor his friends see anything wrong with using western research, science, and technology or western (or Communist) financial and technical aid to achieve their goals. They have sought and received military, economic, and diplomatic backing from Communist states from Yugoslavia to China. For Ben Bella and those who think as he does, co-operation with France as outlined in the Evian accords is a means to an end: the same type of independent neutralism that Gamal Abdel Nasser, though receiving massive aid from both power blocs, has sought for Egypt. Like Nasser, the Algerians feel strongly that Islam can be a modern way of life.

Also like Nasser, the FLN treats its own Communists with scorn. Despite many Communist efforts to make amends, the FLN leaders have not forgotten the original Communist tactical error, committed in 1954-1955, of refusing to support the armed insurrection.

What will be the coloration of Algeria's neutralism? For one thing, continued use of the French language is certain, since the French, during 130 years of rule, all but stamped out Arabic education at most levels. The need for French-speaking administrators and technicians will require the closest kind of technical co-operation with France, regardless of the level of economic aid and the economic links with France accepted at Evian. If scores of thousands of recalcitrant Secret Army followers have to leave, scores of thousands of French-speaking technicians, skilled workers, and professional men will have to be imported. The Arabization of Algerian culture "must come slowly," to use M'Hammed Yazid's words. Yazid told me, "We must give priority to modern disciplines. We will need many more French-speaking teachers. There can be no modern state without a modern educational system."

After the election of the constituent assembly, the Provisional Government will disappear. All the political power in the movement will then be vested in two bodies: the CNRA itself, as the central organ of the party; and the fifty-thousand-man Army of National Liberation (ALN), a vital force whose leaders are dedicated to social revolutionary ideas. Like some of the more fortunate among the 250,000 Algerian civilian refugees in Morocco and Tunisia, some ALN men and women in those countries are now getting training in such fields as medicine, public health, and civil engineering, so as to be ready for peacetime tasks when they return after the referendum. They have also been receiving indoctrination from "political commissars." But before the ALN units are returned to civilian life they may have to supplement police forces in fighting Secret Army terrorism in the cities. Many apartment houses in Algiers and Oran are fortified with machine guns. If ALN companies are moved into the cities the casualties may be high.

As the French Army gradually withdraws and the ALN forces outside return, the future may well be determined by how successfully the civilians—in the CNRA and the organs of the one-party government that apparently will succeed it—can keep control of the military.

Thus, the Algerian revolution, which has been unique in its early collective leadership and the creation of a national pride where none existed before, will be returning to one of the most ancient themes in history, the balance between civil and military authority. The outcome is one which no one in North Africa today can predict.

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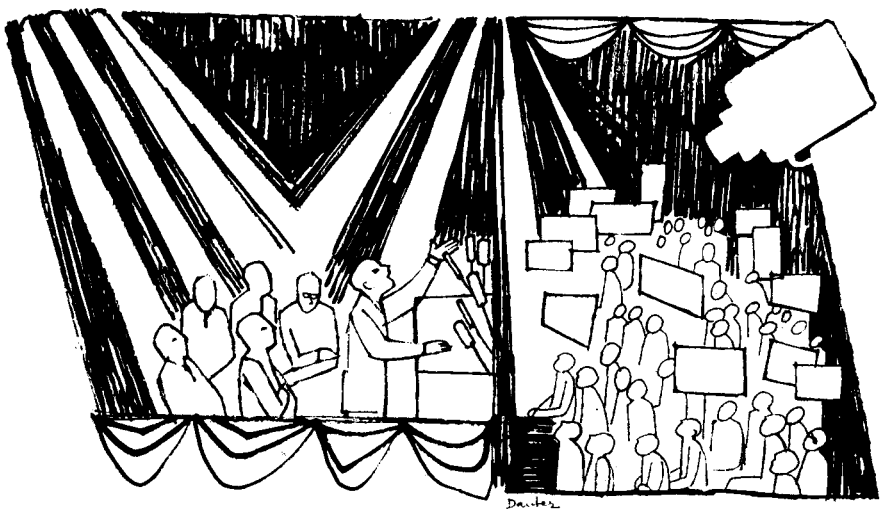

How Teddy Beat Eddie

DOUGLASS CATER

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

FROM the press section on the platform of the antique Civic Auditorium, one could peer at the county markers of the Massachusetts Democrats and fancy oneself on a vasty battlefield of old England. Beefy warriors from "Seventh Middlesex," "First Suffolk," "Second Bristol," "Fifth Essex," and "Hampden and Berkshire" prepared lustily for the approaching fight. Then one's eye wandered to the barons' battle flags, which were plastered promiscuously around the auditorium, and the setting abruptly shifted. "McLaughlin," "Cleary," "Bellotti," and "Kuson J. Haddad" were among the contenders. Only the colors of Endicott Peabody, Harvard's latest All-American football player (albeit two decades ago), served as lonely symbols of his state's Puritan tradition.

On stage, a cast of characters plagiarized from *The Last Hurrah* gave every evidence that they were hardly legendary. State Democratic Chairman John ("Pat") Lynch opened the proceedings, then stalked off angrily when someone challenged him for conducting business without a report from the credentials committee. Once affairs were set in order, the president of the state senate, John Powers—short, rotund, heavy on the gavel—took over as permanent chairman. Helping him was Charley McGlue, a perennial parliamentarian, who tabulated the votes despite a slight deafness. And John ("Mucker") McGrath, long the city auctioneer in Boston, served as assistant sergeant at arms—a man of brooding solemnity who is currently being investigated on charges of having auctioned off a piece of city property to himself.

AT THIS GATHERING of 1,719 delegates from the wards and townships, the youthful scions of two great Irish clans clashed in contest for a seat in the U. S. Senate. The younger, thirty-year-old Edward M. Kennedy, brother of the President, won the convention's endorsement. Yet even before his partisans could celebrate, his rival, thirty-eight-year-old Edward J. McCormack, Jr., the attorney general of Massachusetts and nephew of the Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, declared that he would carry the fight to the September party primary. The Massachusetts Democracy seemed to be in for a summer of internecine warfare that would have repercussions far beyond its borders.

The way Teddy beat Eddie at Springfield was not unimpressive. Organizationally, it was the replica, on only a slightly smaller scale, of brother Jack's operation at Los Angeles. Away from the turmoil of sound tracks and placards, one glimpsed platoons of pretty girls and purposeful young men methodically correlating the silent index cards that represented the noisy humanity on the convention floor. All the ingenuity of electronics had been mustered, including a walkie-talkie system to provide instant communication throughout the hall. From the GHQ in an upstairs wing of the auditorium, Stephen Smith, the youngest Kennedy brother-in-law, directed the enterprise, watching the proceedings on a television monitor, tirelessly putting his team through dry runs. Before the voting started, he had conducted a county-by-county tally that totaled 1,087 votes for Teddy, 487 for Eddie. The only difference from Los Angeles, he admitted wryly, was the unusually high figure of thirteen per cent "unpredictable." As it turned out, Smith's estimates proved accurate during the early part of the roll call but fell far behind as the victory flowed toward Kennedy.

Through it all moved the youngest Kennedy, looking and acting like a Hollywood casting office's choice of an actor to play his brother. Bigger and better-looking, he has all the President's mannerisms, from the flat accents of his oratory to the chopping right arm and the downthrust finger. Upon entering a gathering, Teddy made the same self-conscious motion of sticking his hands in his coat pockets. He stubbornly refused, as his brother always did, to don the Kelly green top hats and other accoutrements shoved on him by well-wishers.

It had been a race against time ever since Teddy set up physical residence in Boston only a year and a half ago. For a short period after the 1960 campaign, in which he served as a co-ordinator on the West Coast for his brother, Teddy reportedly debated moving to California. In retrospect, considering his time schedule, it would have been a ghastly mistake.

Even his fellow Democrats in Massachusetts did not realize at once

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how high and immediate were his ambitions. Shortly after arriving in Boston, he turned down an invitation to join the Fifth Ward Democratic Committee, politely explaining that he wished to wait awhile before becoming politically involved. He took a job as a dollar-a-year assistant to District Attorney Garrett Byrne. (Byrne's son went to work in Washington for Attorney General Robert Kennedy.)

Though Byrne has since declared that Teddy was the hardest-working assistant he ever had, there seems to have been plenty of time for other things. Guided by family friends like Municipal Judge Francis X. Morrissey, he was soon pursuing a steady speaking schedule at church and philanthropic institutions all over the state, heading the cancer drive, and visiting countries on three continents—including such politically strategic ones as Italy, Israel, Poland, and, not least, Ireland—and served, according to his campaign brochure, "as official observer for the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee."

It was a fantastic demonstration of politics in a hurry by a young man only three years out of law school. Before sluggish observers in Massachusetts realized that brother Bobby was not seriously in the running for the Senate seat, brother Teddy's campaign was well under way, and an efficient staff was distributing photographs of the candidate conferring with NATO Commander General Lauris Norstad, Israeli Prime Minister Ben Gurion, and former President of Italy Giovanni Gronchi. The theme, bannered large across his brochure: "He Can Do More for Massachusetts." The promise: "He is personally known by every major figure in government—when he speaks, they listen." The performance, hinting at a modern brand of Federal patronage: He "worked successfully to qualify Massachusetts cities and towns for Federal redevelopment assistance."

In dealing with his opponent, young Kennedy's claims were candid. "The nomination should not go to anyone for past accomplishments," he told one gathering. Congressman Edward Boland was equally frank about facing up to whatever misgivings anyone might feel about a Kennedy dynasty when he made the nominating speech at Springfield: "I say that we should not reject the talents of this family. Having come to Massachusetts and prospered, they want to put something back into the state, and they don't want to take anything out."

'Knocko's' Boy

But what of candidate McCormack? A trim, handsome man with soulful eyes, too ready a smile, and a slight speech impediment that could be mistaken for a brogue, he displayed a great equanimity during the march of events in Springfield. Though he had his fair share of new-style supporters—including his campaign manager, Sumner Kaplan, a leader in the Democratic reform movement known as COD—there was much of the old style about his campaign operation. In contrast to the Kennedy electronics, his command post at the convention hall was adorned with two or three chairs, a table, and two telephones. Occasional delegates moved in and out. Contact with the floor leaders was maintained by direct word of mouth, usually in the form of shouts from Kaplan over the heads of the assembled reporters.

To this reporter, who has never been overly awed by the politics of Speaker McCormack, the nephew offered legitimate evidence that he is nobody's protégé. He is the son of a former saloonkeeper familiarly known as "Knocko," a man of nearly three hundred pounds who attended the convention tieless and in shirtsleeves as a delegate from South Boston. Eddie went to Annapolis (undoubtedly an uncle's benevolence), graduated from Boston University Law School first in his class and editor of the review, and renounced what he claims was a $90,000-a-year practice to enter politics. For the past decade, he has served an apprenticeship on the Boston city council and for three terms as state attorney general, being elected in 1960 by a 430,000 plurality. His decision to enter this race, he asserts, was taken well before Kennedy's. A logical candidate for governor two years ago, he deferred in order to wait for the Senate seat. Critics claim that he shrewdly foresaw a Republican victory in the gubernatorial race and also wished to be disencumbered of the troublesome problems that beset the state Democratic Party.

DEBATE over the comparative merits of the two candidates has stirred up considerable fervor in the academic communities around Boston. Professor Mark De Wolfe Howe of the Harvard Law School circulated among his colleagues a letter describing Eddie as an "experienced and gifted public servant." Of Teddy he wrote: "His academic career is mediocre. His professional career is virtually nonexistent. His candidacy is both preposterous and insulting." Nineteen members of the Harvard Law faculty joined Howe in endorsing McCormack, whose egghead support elsewhere, both among faculty and students, has run considerably higher than Kennedy's. At the convention, a contingent of Smith girls purporting to represent a campus poll appeared with "Eddie" banners.

The Teddy faction got a public letter of support signed by, among others, Professors Sam Beer of Harvard, former national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action; Robert Wood of MIT; and James MacGregor Burns of Williams, the President's biographer. They couched their arguments largely in terms of the need for reform of the state Democratic Party. It is an appealing issue among many Democrats who feel that the party is in a conspicuous condition of disarray, with a lethargic central committee, an incompetent chairman and staff, an independent and largely unsupervised fund-raising committee, and practically no ties of loyalty and purpose among the various local organizations. In the opinion of Beer, who held several conversations on the subject with his candidate, Teddy—with the help of the White House—can and will bring about party reform, while Eddie can't and won't.

Skepticism on this issue runs deep, and not only among McCormack enthusiasts. Former Senator Kennedy, it is argued, has had ample opportunity to reform the state party if he wanted to. He seized control of its machinery in 1956 when his supporters threw out Chairman William "Onion" Burke, a protégé

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of John McCormack's, and put in Pat Lynch. Instead of pursuing this initiative, Kennedy continued to play a lone-wolf role in Massachusetts politics, and the party's condition has not changed noticeably.

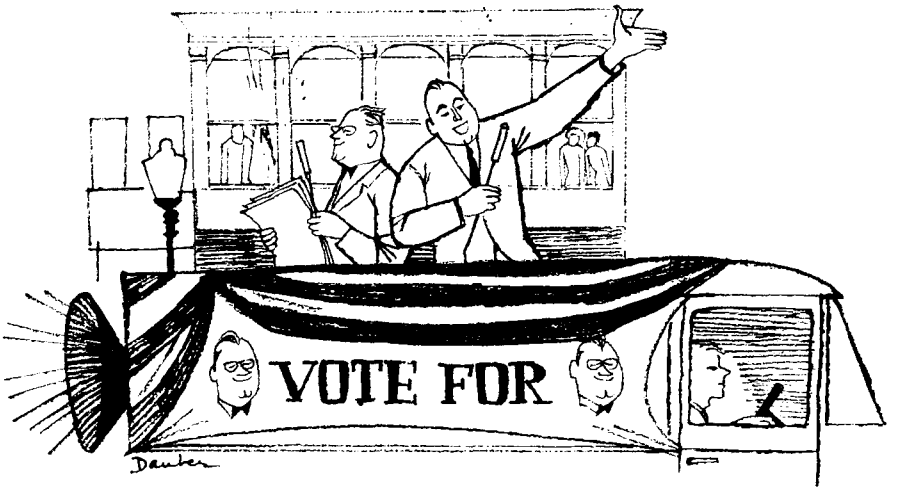
Jut what Teddy promised Beer and his colleagues on the subject of reform is not known. When asked about this matter at a Springfield press conference, he replied rather sententiously, "It is certainly appropriate that the Democratic Party address itself to see what institutional and personnel changes might be taken in order to revitalize the party." There was need, he noted, for a full-time paid co-ordinator, more frequent meetings of the state committee, and an effort to "engender more enthusiasm among the grass roots."

Strictly Legitimate

The convention in Springfield gave evidence of troubles that a faraway senator, whether he is Teddy or Eddie, is not likely to cure. Delegates had been selected by ward and township committees that were themselves elected two years ago by a tiny fraction of the state's registered Democrats. Lack of party discipline is compounded by incredibly lax procedures for the filing of delegate lists, appointment of credentials and rules committees, and the rest. One Berkshire delegate, a member of a delegation with a mandate to vote for McCormack, received a letter from Kennedy headquarters declaring, quite mistakenly, that it was illegal to go to the convention pledged. The confusion of rules and practices gives opportunity for all sorts of hanky-panky in rounding up votes.

During a platform flurry at the opening, McCormack's campaign manager declared he would not stand for a "rigged" convention. "For Chrissakes, it's legitimate and you know it," snapped John Carr, one of Lynch's sidekicks. "It is not legitimate and you know it," retorted Kaplan, eying some nearby reporters. "That's a promiscuous allegation," said Carr. "You're the one being promiscuous," replied Kaplan.

The trouble was that tradition offered no clear criteria for what was fair or unfair about the conduct of a convention. Once formal proceedings got under way, they moved along without conspicuous problems. The Kennedy forces appeared entirely confident that they had the upper hand. Convention Chairman Powers, though manifestly a Kennedy supporter, seemed vastly relieved to be able to hammer away



with his gavel, bellowing, "I will tolerate no violence to the individual right of each delegate to vote according to the dictates of his conscience." There was one procedural slipup: after Eddie withdrew his name in mid-roll call, no one moved to endorse Teddy by acclamation. Some diehard McCormack men maintain that technically Kennedy is not the convention's nominee.

By the time Eddie reached Springfield, it was evident that he had already set his sights on the primary beyond. His strategy was to charge that while Teddy had never shown much interest in the politics of Massachusetts, his Washington relatives were showing entirely too much interest. As proof of the first part of this contention, he seized on a claim Kennedy reportedly made at a press conference that he had voted in every Massachusetts election and primary since he was twenty-one. Shortly before the Springfield convention opened, McCormack produced photostats of the voting records to prove that young Kennedy had voted in only two elections and one primary since 1954, all three times when brother Jack was running.

The next day, Teddy issued a statement that at the press conference in question he had been denying charges that he was not legally domiciled in Massachusetts and had simply meant, "Every time I have voted, I voted here—both in elections and primaries." McCormack thereupon produced a tape recording allegedly made at the Kennedy press conference. Unless it had been doctored, the following exchange took place, quite unrelated to any discussion of legal domicile:

Q: "How many times have you voted in Massachusetts elections?"

A: "Since I have been 21. I have voted every time."

Q: "Have you voted in the primaries?"

A: "Yes."

McCormack was less specific in his claims that the Kennedys in Washington were overly interested in their brother's contest. Three weeks before the convention, he told reporters that he was collecting a file of affidavits. But aside from his list of fifty-two temporary and vacant postmasterships which he said were being held up until after the convention (one vacancy in North Adams, he maintained, had three delegates anticipating the job), he produced no concrete evidence of anything. On convention eve, he declared he would not release his affidavits because it would embarrass the individuals involved. Besides, he said in not very subtle innuendo, he had no desire "to win the Senate seat at the cost of the 1964 Presidential elections." He suggested that reporters ask William J. Hartigan, who had resigned as Assistant Postmaster General to become a Kennedy campaign aide, what he

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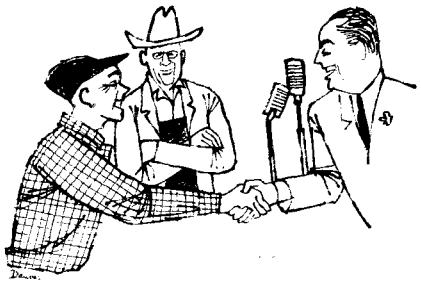
had been doing in Room 1008 at Boston's Parker House on April 29 and 30 while still a Federal employee. Aside from implying that Hartigan had been talking to various Federal department heads, McCormack declined to shed further light. Hartigan replied that he had probably been doing Federal business. There, as far as the press was concerned, the matter rested.

Helping Hands

Assessing the extent of the administration's role was a frustrating business for the reporter. In March the President had declared his own noninvolvement in the approaching contest. But on May 17, queried at his press conference about whether this applied to his associates, he gave a rather circumscribed answer: "No member of the White House staff is planning to go to the convention, nor will be, to the best of my knowledge, in Massachusetts between now and the convention."

The words proved accurate as far as they went. Presidential Assistant Lawrence O'Brien did fly into Springfield the day before the convention to accept an honorary degree at Western New England College, but he departed shortly afterward. Another White House aide, Richard Donahue, had to give up plans to serve as a delegate from Lowell. And, as Teddy explained at a press conference, Assistant Postmaster General Hartigan was told emphatically by Kenneth O'Donnell, the President's appointments secretary, that he should resign rather than take a leave of absence in order to help out. But when Beverley Lynch, a young delegate from Lunenburg, visited Washington with her mother not long before the convention, they were sought out and invited to have lunch with the Attorney General. Nor was there any particular effort by Robert Kennedy or others in Washington to hide the fact that Alexander Graham Bell had made travel unnecessary.

What kind of pressures were applied? A great many delegates and others were prepared to relate secondhand episodes that proved impossible to verify. Two politicians favoring McCormack reportedly found their income-tax returns being reviewed. But they were unwilling



to make their cases public, and considering present exposures of Massachusetts corruption, there could be ample cause for such reviews. A delegate who was a lawyer reportedly got the offer of a job if he would vote for Kennedy. Reached after the convention by telephone, he would not discuss the matter "at the present time." Another lawyer-delegate was reportedly told that "unless he supported Kennedy" he would get no assistance for an immigrant client from Senator Ben Smith, who now occupies the seat for which Kennedy and McCormack are fighting. Smith's assistant now claims that the senator never even talked with the lawyer about this client. And the lawyer, in patently guarded language, now says he has never been personally refused anything by Senator Smith.

In these and other instances, two facts are fairly evident: a number of lesser politicians, whether authorized or not, did speak in terms of rewards and punishments; and a number of others listened to them with anxieties that may or may not have been justified. Such actions were undoubtedly taken on behalf of both candidates. But the punitive powers that may be feared from a state attorney general leaving office in a few months are fairly limited, while those which conceivably might be feared from a Presidential administration in office for at least two and possibly six more years are unlimited.

There were rumors affecting almost everything that happened at the convention. When, on the day of the voting, the Boston *Herald* carried a large photograph of Teddy on one side of page one and balanced it with one not of Eddie but of big, fat "Knocko" McCormack together with a bitingly anti-Eddie feature story, there were knowing whispers about the *Herald's* long pending application for a television channel in Boston. Responsible citizens of Boston are convinced that the treatment of news in both the *Herald* and the *Globe,* which is fighting its competitor's television claim, has been seriously affected by fear of favoritism in this matter.

Possibly all the rumors were groundless. But they had not been damped by the niggling restraints the President put on those who might claim to speak for him. And there was nothing to dispel them in the boasts of young Kennedy that he had "worked successfully to qualify Massachusetts cities and towns for Federal redevelopment assistance," and that when he speaks, every major figure in government listens. The simple arithmetic of Presidential power was decisive at Springfield.

IT IS TOO EARLY to predict whether Eddie has the funds, the energy, or the votes to beat Teddy when the voters go into privacy of the voting booths this September. After that, there will be the contest with Republican George Lodge. Already some Democratic experts are seriously worried that the independent candidate, Stuart Hughes, who is running largely on the disarmament issue, may draw off enough liberal Democrats to put Lodge across. Possibly as a safety measure, the Kennedy forces threw their support for the gubernatorial nomination to "Chub" Peabody in order to obtain a "balanced ticket," thus scuttling the chances of McLaughlin, the President's old PT boat buddy.

Before the convention, Professor Beer remarked to an AP reporter that the coming contest would be an "interesting test of Machiavelli's theory, 'It's better to be feared than loved.'" More than one observer at Springfield came away wondering what Machiavelli might say about the brotherly consequences for a President at a time when he is having to ask Congress and the public for increased grants of discretionary power in almost every area of government. Eddie McCormack threw away a pretty good line when he remarked half jokingly after one press conference, "I'm trying to save the President from the biggest issue the Republicans can get. I think I'm doing a patriotic service."

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NATO's Nuclear Debate: Washington's View

TIMOTHY W. STANLEY

IN RECENT YEARS conferences among the ministers of the NATO countries often resembled a ritual dance somewhat like the "twist," which tends to leave the participants tired and perspiring and always in the same spot on the floor. The latest NATO conference, held in Athens at the end of May, provided a refreshing contrast. It succeeded in producing a new and, by and large, effective approach to the intricate problems posed by nuclear weapons. Yet even before its achievements could be fully appreciated by the public, the headlines from Paris, Bonn, and Washington were pre-empted by a particularly acrimonious exchange of views on some of the very issues on which a new consensus had appeared to be in the making.

At the heart of the matter, at least as seen from Washington, lies a basic policy choice for the alliance: should Europe and the United States work toward military interdependence? Or should Europe reduce its dependence upon American strategic power by developing, in one form or another, an independent nuclear force of its own?

This issue is posed by two sets of developments—one concerned with NATO's military defenses and particularly with the special character of nuclear warfare, the other political and related to the longer-range structure of the Atlantic Community as a whole. Deeply interrelated as they are, they cut across the entire spectrum of the domestic and foreign policies of NATO's member nations, and have engendered lively discussion in the councils of government on both sides of the Atlantic.

Dumbbell or Sphere?

For the past year the issue has been the subject of much debate within the Kennedy administration. On one side stood a group known in Washington jargon as the "dumbbell advocates." The "dumbbell," which the dictionary defines as "two rounded ends connected by a short bar," referred to the configuration of the Atlantic Alliance, one end being the United States and the other a united Europe. The opposing side preferred to view NATO as a single sphere, or at least a grand ellipse.

The urgency of the debate was increased by the unexpected acceleration of European economic unity via the Common Market, which appeared to bring within range the postwar dream of a truly united Europe—something three administrations had advocated, without, however, much detailed consideration of the implications for transatlantic defense.

One of the first public revelations of Washington's divergencies was contained in the address given before the Economic Club of Chicago last December by McGeorge Bundy, special assistant to the President for national security. After noting the success of the Common Market, he spoke of a political "partnership between the United States on the one hand and a great European power on the other," and he urged "the recreation of a great central political force in Western Europe." Implicit in his address was the notion that such a Europe would require a greater sovereignty over its own defense establishment, in particular over nuclear weapons.

Though it was not part of Mr. Bundy's intention, this prospect of a Europe responsible for its own defense was bound to appeal to certain American groups in and out of Congress who have tired of our responsibilities for defending Europe, or who are troubled by our balance-of-payments problem. Against such neo-isolationist arguments, the administration's defense experts pointed out that Europe had no very imminent prospect of being able to defend itself and that it was dangerous as well as misleading to talk as if it had. They especially feared that in pursuing its own concerns Europe might unwittingly abet Soviet efforts to neutralize the Continent in the East-West struggle. It was to underscore this point that President Kennedy revised his remarks to the Conference on Trade Policy in May to include a strong endorsement of the concept that just as the Soviet threat is indivisible so "is the western deterrent . . . to that threat."

The French Case

It was the French determination to proceed with the development of their own atomic striking force that brought to a head the issue of nuclear sharing—or diffusion—of the effective monopoly of nuclear weapons that the United States has possessed within the alliance. There are several reasons for the French policy. First is the desire to give French forces a "modern" (i.e., nuclear) role, and thereby to revive the shattered morale and political loyalty that are the result of their long series of defeats and frustrations. This also explains the insistence that the national identity of French forces must be enhanced, rather than merged in a European or NATO context. Second, in the complicated bidding for leadership of the Common Market and the new Europe that may emerge, a national nuclear force would add impressively to the French pile of chips.

The third motivation is far more basic—and, in Washington's view, much more troublesome for the West. It is General de Gaulle's contention that the element which has provided the basis of NATO security for nearly fifteen years is no longer valid. Put bluntly, his argument is that the Soviet Union, now armed with the means of massive retaliation, will no longer believe that America would risk the destruction of New York or Chicago for the sake of Paris or London. If this were the case, the American nuclear deterrent would also lose its reliability for the Europeans. Hence, according to de Gaulle, France must have its own nuclear deterrent, not subject to veto by Americans or anyone else.

Washington has not been moved by the French arguments. It is now apparently a settled policy that the United States will not assist France

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in developing a nuclear capability, either by revising or interpreting liberally the Atomic Energy Act, or by offering access to U.S. missile technology. The policy was not easily arrived at. Critics in certain quarters of the Pentagon and even among some of the President's advisers have pointed out that France is going to achieve a nuclear arsenal anyway. "Why," they asked, "shouldn't we help and thereby save time, earn good will, and liberate resources France could better devote to re-equipping its ground divisions?"

The answer is partly that the powerful Joint Committee on Atomic Energy would be almost certain to oppose any modification in the relevant laws. It is also the administration's view that assisting France might create new problems—particularly with respect to Germany. Other countries might want to follow suit; pressures on the Soviet Union to extend atomic assistance to its allies (e.g., China) would increase; and the prospects for arms control would diminish.

After long study of the problem, the administration seems convinced that far less injury will be done to the alliance by denying France atomic assistance than by giving such assistance and thereby, in effect, endorsing the idea that the U.S. guarantee has lost its validity.

One NATO Indivisible?

There are many reasons for Washington's emphasis on the indivisibility of Atlantic collective security, but as the Pentagon has come to see it, the most important of them—and the least understood by the public—center on the special character of nuclear weapons and of the strategy designed to deter their use.

In his commencement address at Michigan University on June 16, Secretary McNamara put on the record what he considers to be the military arguments against small national nuclear forces. And it is clear that the Kennedy administration is now committed to the belief that deterrence cannot be divorced from defense—i.e., the ability to fight if deterrence fails. What is needed, it is argued, is an alternative to a massive and indiscriminate use of nuclear weapons that would be so destructive that its credibility as a deterrent is low. Hence, the Pentagon has been working toward a strategy with more flexible alternatives. This involves deterrence based upon the threat of a controlled and graduated use of nuclear weapons—limited if possible to an enemy's military forces and installations. The initial attack would seek to blunt the enemy's capacity to strike us, but would at the same time try to minimize civil damage and casualties. Only if the enemy began to attack our cities would we use our reserve weapons to annihilate his.

This strategy requires the closest co-ordination of all strike forces to avoid overlapping or gaps in targeting. Such co-ordination can be achieved only by a central and effective control over the initiation and conduct of all nuclear operations. Obviously, if one element of the western forces were free to start atomic warfare independently or to attack Moscow instead of Soviet military bases, any hope of avoiding an orgy of destruction on both sides would be greatly reduced.

As the Pentagon sees it, a further objection to national nuclear forces limited to a few bombs and aircraft or missiles is that they are especially vulnerable to a surprise knockout blow, and once outside the protection of the United States may actually invite such attack. The nation possessing them may find itself with less rather than more flexibility in its foreign relations.

The argument that a small nuclear force such as France may come to possess would really be able to deter a first-class nuclear power like the Soviet Union depends upon one of two assumptions. The first is that acting entirely on its own, it could cause enough retaliatory damage to the aggressor to make an attack not worth his while. But in Washington's view this overlooks the possibilities of nuclear blackmail and the divisive tactics at which the Soviets are experts. The other possibility is that an attack by a small national force might serve as a trigger to bring into play the more effective striking power of the United States. This is not very convincing either, since the United States could hardly allow its decisions on nuclear war to be subject to the actions of a military force over which it had no control. In fact, it is argued, the spread of independent nuclear capability among European nations might well lead to a disengagement of the United States from Europe—the very thing the Soviet Union wants most.

Triggers and Safety Catches

The arguments in official Washington against the proposal that the European members of NATO should develop an independent nuclear force of their own are of much the same order, but are less firmly held and less widely supported. To meet the alleged apprehension in the alliance that the U.S. guarantee had lost its validity, the new administration undertook an intensive interagency review of NATO problems. The most far-reaching result was the proposal advanced by President Kennedy in an address to the Canadian Parliament last May. He mentioned "the possibility of eventually establishing a NATO seaborne missile force which would be truly multilateral in ownership and control, if this should be desired and found feasible by our allies, once NATO's non-nuclear goals have been achieved." This carefully worded statement (which echoed a similar offer made by the Eisenhower administration in its closing days) reflected the Pentagon's concern that the nuclear issue should not be allowed to paralyze the build-up of conventional forces in the alliance. It left the next move up to Europe.

Europe's interest in the matter, however, turned out to be nowhere near as coherent or united as anticipated. Only West Germany—acutely aware of its position on the front line of NATO—has come forward with substantive proposals. The attitudes of other NATO members are so diverse that to label one or another view as "European" is misleading. The British still cling to what they claim is a special Anglo-American relationship based in part on the nuclear partnership with the United States that began during the Second World War. The Scandinavians are opposed to nuclear weapons in any form and under any arrangement; the Italian sensitivity about nuclear weapons has been heightened by the domestic "Opening to the Left"; and Turkey is willing to follow any path that will mitigate its sense of isola-

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tion. France, of course, is devoting enormous resources to the development of its own nuclear weapons. In short, some European nations (notably West Germany) place their greatest emphasis on assurances that nuclear weapons *will* be used, if necessary, while others are primarily concerned to ensure that they will *not* be used unless absolutely necessary. It would appear difficult to combine in one single control mechanism both the "trigger" the one side wants and the "safety catch" the other side insists upon.

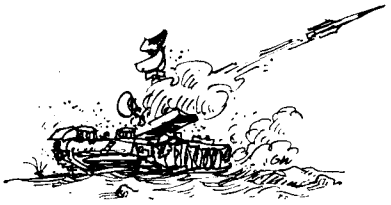
IN THE ABSENCE of anything approaching a unified response from Europe, Washington decided to play down the idea of a separate nuclear force for NATO. If truly "independent"—that is to say, not subject to a U.S. veto—it would involve the same risks that Washington sees in a proliferation of national forces along the lines advocated by de Gaulle. Furthermore, the problem of getting agreement among fifteen powers on when to pull the trigger (or set the safety catch) would hardly be solved by reducing the number to fourteen.

Moreover, the Pentagon has also become convinced that nuclear warfare has made obsolete any concept of "theaters" other than for administrative purposes: the speed and destructiveness of modern weapons argue for basing the strategic (as distinguished from tactical) defense of a given area outside that area. This can provide more warning time and less vulnerability to surprise attack. A large missile force based in Europe merely guarantees that an enemy strike against such a force would cause enormous civil destruction and casualties. In short, Washington concludes, command and control of nuclear war is not only indivisible but must operate on a global rather than a regional basis. Since there is an adequate capability outside Europe, there seems little military need for more strategic forces within Europe.

The five Polaris submarines the United States "assigned to NATO" at the recent Athens meeting do not represent a retreat from this view. They were merely transferred from Admiral Robert Lee Dennison in his capacity as commander in chief of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet to Admiral Dennison in his NATO role as Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, SACEUR's naval counterpart. The transfer was thus a political and psychological gesture to Europe rather than a major military move, although it could eventually provide the nucleus of a "NATO" force.

On One Point All Agree

Against this background of conflict and confusion in the alliance, the Athens conference proved surprisingly successful. The U.S. delegation, headed by Secretaries Rusk and McNamara and including a large number of other senior officials, went to the conference with the decision not to press for a multilateral NATO missile force, and not to weaken the U.S. stand against national nuclear armaments. They succeeded in winning support from everyone except the French.



At the same time, it was recognized that our European allies had legitimate concerns. Accordingly, the U.S. presentation to the assembled NATO foreign and defense ministers stressed the irreversible character of our commitment to Europe's defense and the importance of a greater interdependence within the alliance. Mr. McNamara apparently set forth for the first time the full range of our calculations about nuclear warfare, stressing the substantial preponderance of U.S. power—and the size of our stockpiles available in Europe for the use of European forces if required. Certainly the several thousand stategic delivery vehicles and warheads that the United States has planned for the next few years must have made the existing British and potential French forces seem small indeed. Accordingly emphasis was placed on the need for a build-up of NATO's conventional strength.

Apparently the shock effect of confronting the alliance with the blunt facts of life had good results. One diplomat was quoted as saying, "For the first time in ten years I know where America wants to go, and I am content to follow." Arrangements were made to continue the sharing of information and to develop procedures, hitherto lacking, for allied consultation on the location and deployment of U.S. nuclear forces in the common defense. There will be continued exploration of possible organizational and procedural steps to give Europe a real voice in what has been termed the "*contrôle*" of the over-all deterrent—in the sense of planning and verification rather than physical custody. One such step would be for the allies to come to an agreement on some of the conditions under which the President, acting for the alliance, would order the release of nuclear weapons to their forces. The creation of a defense-ministry type of link between the political authority represented by the NATO Council and the military structure headed by the Military Committee and SHAPE might be another possible step. Relationships within the alliance could be further integrated by working out some form of European participation in U.S. targeting procedures, or even in the manning of U.S. missile complexes.

IN THE LONG RUN, however, if the price of reinforcing the military interdependence of the alliance appears to be a return to some variant of NATO as an atomic power, the United States might conceivably agree. As noted earlier, the American view is that integrated control is indispensable to nuclear deterrence. A solution might be found if NATO's organization and procedures could be adapted to meet this criterion, and if both Britain and France were willing to put a substantial part of their nuclear forces under a common command and control arrangement with the U.S. Indeed, it is possible that Secretary Rusk, on his latest mission to the allied capitals, may have taken initial soundings along these lines. For the one point on which there is no disagreement among the allies is that the emerging unity of Europe should not be achieved at the cost of the collective security of the West.

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Some Academic Questions About A New Yale Man

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

NEW HAVEN

AS AN EMPLOYEE of Yale, sitting on the Old Campus and listening in the pleasant June sunshine, I was pleased by our commencement address this year. It was a good speech in the way that most of our guests would think of it: it was important, it was well written, it was crisply delivered, it had very nice and witty jokes about Yale, and it was short. As a political supporter of the speaker (whose utterance, to the disgruntlement of some local Republicans, broke a long no-speech tradition), I too was pleased by the speech. With the steel-price controversy and the stock-market waverings as a background, President Kennedy effectively argued against simple errors people still are making about economic policy: that deficits must lead to inflation; that the Federal debt is a terrible thing and growing worse; that downturns come from a lack of "business confidence" in the administration; that big government is always bad; and that the balanced budget is the exclusive measure of fiscal virtue. The speech, I thought, served the immediate political purpose very well.

But as a member of the university community, as one of those involved in (what was that phrase Mr. Kennedy borrowed from Yale's president?) "liberal learning," I found some things in the address that made me stir uneasily in my (also borrowed) academic gown: the theoretical backbone of the speech seemed to be a wholehearted endorsement of "technical" solutions to political problems.

The words "sophisticated" and "technical" echoed like a refrain through the speech. They were used to describe both our present domestic problems and the kinds of solutions we now require. "Technical" answers were set over against not only the "myths," "clichés," and "illusions" of the past but also the "ideological" and "philosophical" and even "political" approaches that once were relevant but are no more. In the time of John C. Calhoun (Yale, 1804), said the President, and also in that of William Howard Taft (Yale, 1878), there were relatively "dramatic," "sweeping," and "simple" issues, which today have largely disappeared. "The central domestic problems of our time are more subtle . . . They relate not to basic clashes of philosophy or ideology, but to ways and means of reaching common goals —to research for sophisticated solutions to complex and obstinate issues." "What is at stake in our economic decisions today," he said, "is not some grand warfare of rival ideologies which will sweep the country with passion but the practical management of a modern economy. What we need are not labels and clichés but more basic discussion of the sophisticated and technical questions involved in keeping a great economic machinery moving ahead."

IS THAT RIGHT? It is true of course that we do not need "clichés," but is the alternative just "technical sophistication" and "practical management"? That is the way it appears to the machinists of the "great economic machinery," but should the President adopt their view?

What is it that the President said to the Yale men, as he exhorted them—as commencement speakers do —to go out and take their part in the great world? What symbols, what vision, what basic ideas and ideal conceptions of great moving power did he hold before them, as their President and their commencement speaker? He said: "You are a part of the world, and you must participate . . . in the solution of the problems that pour upon us, requiring the most sophisticated and technical judgment." Well, that is all right as far as it goes, but is it all? Is it even the most important thing?

I do not think the specialists always know where their "sophisticated and technical judgment" leaves off and a larger judgment—about fundamental values—begins. But should not Presidents, and Yale men, know about that?

Mr. Kennedy himself embodies, almost to perfection, the virtues respected by a kind of rigorous modern operating professional who deals with public policy: he wants to go into particular subjects in detail, one by one, case by case; he does not appear to be much interested in "ideology"; he understands the need to turn to specialists who have knowledge of their special fields. In the campaign debate he could tick off particulars; at press conferences he can tell the exact latitude and longitude of a Portugese ship, or the precise amount of imports of Cuban sugar. Back when he was a senator, specialists would come away glowing with appreciation of his knowledge of the intricacies of their fields; since he has become President

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the policy people in each area, by and large, have been happy with the appointments made and the technical excellence exhibited.

Is there anything wrong with that? Of course not. On the contrary, it is a reason, in addition to his political position, why many of us support him, and it is a very good thing—up to a point.

Technical competence in government, as elsewhere, is naturally desirable. But is it desirable that it be the chief end of government?

The technical man isolates one particular field or activity, in order to concentrate upon the procedure within it. In order for his work to proceed, he must assume the worth of the end to which his work is addressed; in order to get on to his own question, "How?," he must assume that the end he is serving has an assured place in a hierarchy of values that he does not himself examine. As a cobbler cannot continually be asking himself whether shoes as such are a good, so an economist cannot continually ask himself whether "productivity" or "satisfaction" or—now apparently—"economic growth" is a good; he must take that for granted and get on with his job. Where the end is simple and noncontroversial, such a technical approach raises no problems. But in social policy the ends to be served admit of no such description: it is of the essence of politics that their meanings shift, that values conflict, and that men differ about them. The ends of politics, moreover, are not neatly separable from the "means" the technical man thinks he deals with exclusively; usually he bootlegs in some assumptions about ends in his work on the means. One might argue that political leadership, which must interpret the situation and fit together these several and conflicting ends, is pre-eminently the activity that cannot properly be reduced to sheer technique.

But the technical man will tend to regard all "generalities," good ones and bad ones, as airy, empty, and misleading; he will tend to think, as the President said, that the "declaration" of the "objective" is "easy," while only the attainment is really difficult, requiring "hard thought." He characteristically will want to deal with problems only case by case, or, as the President said, to treat each case "on its own merits," without much regard for—indeed with some resistance to—a general concept. Most of all, the technician will dismiss consideration of ends, principles, and purposes. These are already agreed upon, or are impossible to deal with, or are somebody else's job, or anyway something not to talk about; let's talk instead, he will say, about "ways and means," about how to do it, about "sophisticated solutions."

The President said that in contrast to the problems of the 1930's, the fiscal and monetary problems of the 1960's demand "technical answers, not political answers." Earlier he had said, in a similar context, that "This is basically an administrative or executive problem. . . ." Surely that is very wrong, or at the least a bad way for a top political leader to put his point. By rejecting "political" answers he meant to put aside predictably partisan or well-labeled approaches, but he seemed to say something more than that, something that needs to be questioned.

Policy on taxes and spending and interest rates involves, along with much economic fact, a whole nest of inexact judgments—really, ethical judgments—about values and interests. Though these judgments may be complicated and require advanced economic knowledge and do not sort out neatly under existing political labels, still they are not merely "technical"; they are not just "administrative" or "executive." If we could just get enough moral juice back into the word, we could say that they are, exactly, "political." "Politics," or "policy," would appear to be the point at which technical considerations (how does the thing work) and ethical considerations (what is good) meet, and neither part of the mix should be left unexamined.

The political leader's job is to articulate an interpretation of these larger than technical choices. Of the highest official in the free world this must pre-eminently be true.

Of course, Mr. Kennedy's prime purpose in the speech was not to deal with these theoretical matters. He was trying to get the the current economic discussion onto relevant issues and to counteract a stereotyped conservative view. To do that he fell back, not on a fully articulated alternative view, but simply on an assertion of the complexity of problems and of the need for know-how. For the moment, in this "know-how" country, that was an effective tactic; but what does it mean in the long run? And where does it lead?

The President gave a quotation, as is his wont, at the end of his Yale speech. He found Jefferson saying that our "new circumstances" require "new words, new phrases, and the transfer of old words to new objects." This is not, however, what Mr. Kennedy's speech had been calling for. Rather he had seemed to say, Forget about the phrases in favor of the "sensible and clear-headed management" on which "the very future of freedom" depends; never mind about the words—new or old—but attend to those "sophisticated judgments" on "hard and complicated facts," case by case.

From a different place in the academic procession, I think the Jefferson quotation really suggests the better view; that in the end high political leadership should not be an applied science but rather a liberal art.

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Can New York City Do Anything About Its Schools?

MEL ELFIN

At the conclusion of the April teachers' strike in New York City, the leaders of the United Federation of Teachers dispatched mimeographed letters to each of their sixteen thousand members in which they asked: "What can we say? Nothing we could say could add anything to the glory of your action . . . It was a great day—and there will be other great days—although none may ever approach the glory of April 11th."

Even for union propaganda, this chest-thumping rhetoric was hardly descriptive of a day on which half of New York's forty thousand teachers walked out or refused to cross picket lines and many of its schools were plunged into undisciplined turmoil. Fortunately, the city may be spared similar "glories" in the future. Before agreeing to a new contract, the New York City Board of Education is insisting on a "no strike" guarantee from the UFT.

While there is no guarantee even in a "guarantee," the imminent settlement between the board and the union will end, temporarily at least, the latest in a series of crises that have racked the city's schools for more than a year. The ferment began in May, 1961, when Mayor Robert F. Wagner watched in astonishment as a rat scampered across the floor of P.S. 119 in Harlem. Not that there was anything unusual about the rats. Many principals had long been complaining that they were the unwelcome fourth "R" in the New York curriculum.

After his inspection trip in Harlem, the mayor began asking pointed questions. Much to his political sorrow, he discovered that the city's vaunted school-building and reconstruction program was in a state of utter disrepair. Not only were new buildings crumbling, but a handful of school-board employees were shown to have accepted dollars, neckties, whiskey, and other gifts from contractors in return for their administrative good will.

When measured by the standards of a city that produced Boss Tweed and Jimmy Walker, the revelations that school contractors rigged bids, bribed city employees, and did sloppy work barely rates a footnote in the annals of municipal corruption. The financial hanky-panky was, in fact, a small price for New York to pay to rid itself of a Board of Education that could not make up either in dedication or City Hall contacts what it lacked in ability. As the scandals mounted, the necessity for both Mayor Wagner and Republican Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller to "do something" became imperative politically.

With the ultimate legal responsibility for the schools resting in Albany, it was the state legislature that finally relieved the nine members of the Board of Education of their Cadillacs, confidential secretaries, and other perquisites. In the process, the lawmakers established orderly procedures for choosing a new school board. The chief result was the appointment last September of what is probably the most promising school board in recent New York history.

While the new board, like almost every other similar public group in New York, is "balanced" among three Catholics, three Protestants (one a Negro), and three Jews, it includes a number of able and nationally known figures. Among them: Anna Rosenberg, former Assistant Secretary of Defense; Lloyd K. Garrison, former chairman of the National War Labor Board; and James Donovan, the attorney who helped arrange the Powers-Abel spy swap.

If the roster of the new board is impressive, so are its problems. It has inherited a vast (more than a million pupils, 840 schools) educational system whose real troubles were all but obscured by the scandals and the strike.

Not that the troubles of New York schools are unique. Rather they are characteristic of the plight of urban education in many parts of the United States today. New York is not the only city burdened with a school bureaucracy of Leviathan proportions and Byzantine complexity. Neither is New York the only city with large numbers of non-English-speaking residents (Los Angeles and San Antonio, among others, cope with similar problems). While new migrants have altered the ethnic patterns of many New York neighbor-

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hoods since the war (about seventy per cent of the youngsters in Manhattan public schools today are either Negro or Puerto Rican), they have also changed the character of neighborhoods and schools in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Baltimore, Washington, Detroit, Miami, and many other cities.

Large numbers of New York pupils are seriously below grade levels in reading and arithmetic, but the same thing can be said about pupils in quite a few urban centers. New York has a high dropout rate in its high schools (in many of them, more than half who enter do not finish) and high transiency in some of its elementary schools (three schools have annual pupil turnover rates of more than one hundred per cent), but Chicago, Detroit, and Philadelphia have comparable problems. The suburbs are draining off some of New York's best potential young teachers, but Boston is probably even worse off in relation to its suburbs. New York complains that it urgently needs more money for education, but what school board in the country—urban, suburban, or rural—doesn't have the same complaint?

Nevertheless, of all the thirty-five thousand school districts in the United States, none has greater problems in greater numbers than does New York. And probably nowhere in the country have inertia, indifference, and incompetence taken such a toll in educational progress. Undoubtedly, New York has some excellent schools (notably its special high schools such as Music and Art, Bronx Science, and Brooklyn Tech), a nucleus of devoted and talented teachers, and many imaginative and efficient administrators and principals. But the schools of New York, which once occupied a lofty pinnacle in American education, have been going downhill for years.

Not very long ago, the middle class was the bulwark of the public-school system in New York and in virtually every other city across the country. Today, the typical middle-class parent, especially in Manhattan, faces an agonizing decision when his children come of school age. Should he send them to an expensive private school he probably can't afford and into which they might have trouble gaining admittance? (It is almost as difficult to "get into" one of the better New York private schools as it is to "get into" some Ivy League colleges.) Should he do the democratic (and less expensive) thing and send them to the public schools—even though they are no longer what they were when he was a boy? Or should he ease his conscience and dodge the problem completely by moving to the suburbs?

Bureaucracy's Heavy Hand

This quandary, faced by thousands of parents every September, is symptomatic of an educational decline that has long been apparent. Addressing the United Parents Associations two and a half years ago, Dr. Henry Heald, president of the Ford Foundation and one of the many experts who have been called in to diagnose the ailments of the city's schools since the war, observed:

"We take pride that New York is

first in the arts, in communications, in commerce and industry, and so many other fields of human endeavor; yet we tolerate a public-school system whose principal distinction is that it is the nation's largest . . . There is no mystery about why India and Africa lack first-class educational systems. But it is discouraging that New York—so richly endowed with human and material resources—is educationally underdeveloped."

Dr. Heald firmly believes that the city's schools are both underdeveloped and overadministered. In his speech he used such phrases as the "morass of administrative procedures," "a ponderous chain of command," and "political manipulation" to characterize life at Board of Education headquarters on Livingston Street in downtown Brooklyn. Once the clubhouse of the Brooklyn Elks, the school board's home office has become an educational monument to Parkinson's Law. As Martin Mayer pointed out in his best-seller on *The Schools*, New York City employs more administrative personnel in its schools than does France. Little wonder, then, that the Livingston Street "establishment" all but buries individual initiative and enterprise in a tangle of red tape and paperwork.

No one feels this hand of bureaucracy more directly than the city's eight hundred-odd principals. Nearly all of them complained last summer that their schools were in urgent need of repairs and that their requests for help had been ignored by Livingston Street. Samuel Moscowitz, the principal of Bayside High School (where buckets were used to catch water dripping from leaky ceilings), recalls: "I sent letter after letter asking them to do something about the roof. Nothing ever happened. Finally, I got so frustrated, I stood up at a meeting and begged them to please just acknowledge the receipt of my letters and cards."

The troubles at Bayside High, which may soon get a new roof, concerned bricks and mortar, but even where children are concerned, Livingston Street moves with frustrating torpor. So glaring are the administrative shortcomings that the Board of Education has engaged a team of high-powered management consultants (fee: $50,000) to suggest ways and means of modernizing its procedures. To date, there have been only preliminary dealings with top-level reorganization, but as one principal observed: "Almost any changes would be for the better."

BUT EVEN if the consultants can make Livingston Street as sleek and efficient as General Motors, New York will have trouble keeping up with the cost of educating its children. In the past decade, the city's school population increased only fourteen per cent, but the

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Board of Education now spends twice as much as it did ten years ago because of rising salaries, proliferating special services, and a general educational inflation. This trend will certainly continue. One expert recently estimated that the city will have to double its educational expenditures again in the next eight years if it expects to keep the teachers it already has or to recruit the new ones it so desperately needs.

What most taxpayers fail to realize is that it costs far more to provide a decent education for a youngster in a slum school in Harlem or on Chicago's South Side than it does in Scarsdale or Evanston. The reason is simple: in the slums a school is more than a place to get an education. All too often, the school must become a quasi-social agency. That this is necessary at all disturbs many New Yorkers who are concerned about the tendency to shift the burden of extracurricular social services onto the schools.

Nevertheless, in its Demonstration Guidance and Higher Horizon programs New York has shown that, given smaller classes, dedicated teachers, and an assortment of special counseling and other services, a handful of youngsters from what are called "culturally disadvantaged backgrounds" can progress in academic subjects and then go on to careers in college. But the price is high. For instance, the Demonstration Guidance project at George Washington High School costs an extra $250 annually per pupil.

Few will deny that the social returns from these programs more than justify the additional investment. However, no one in New York (which is already spending more than the national per-pupil average on its schools) really knows where to get the funds to pay for smaller classes, new textbooks, and other urgently needed services for all of the city's children. Dr. Frederick McLaughlin, the thoughtful director of New York's Public Education Association, looks with envy at the school budgets in some of the more affluent suburbs where land and other costs are generally cheaper. "Some of them," says Dr. McLaughlin, "are spending twice as much per pupil as we are. With that kind of money, New York could radically

change the outlook for a large proportion of the children in our slums."

High Purpose and Low Pay

But money, important as it is, will not alone transform the schools of New York or the futures of the children within them. New York urgently requires a new sense of educational purpose, particularly among its army of teachers. True, the city has many superior teachers skilled in cultivating the minds, the talents, and the welfare of their pupils. But it also has many otherwise able teachers who struggle unsuccessfully to cope with overcrowded classrooms (20.4 per cent of all elementary classes have thirty-five or more pupils), insufficient textbooks, and massive language and disciplinary problems. They are also burdened with such dispiriting chores as lunchroom patrol and such unprofessional necessities as time clocks. The atmosphere in most New York schools nurtures neither pride nor competence and quickly drains the enthusiasm of eager young teachers and the energies of experienced older teachers. Frequently, the only ones who thrive under these conditions are the professional hacks and hangers-on.

In terms of salaries, the city's teachers, once among the highest paid in their profession, have fallen behind many of their colleagues in some of the suburban school systems where working conditions are often luxurious by comparison. In Scarsdale, for instance, this year's salaries range from $5,200 to $12,000, while in New York they go from $4,800 to $9,450. The proposed new contract between the Board of Education and the teachers will raise both the New York minimum and maximum considerably (1962-1963 scale: $5,300 to $10,445) but will still leave the teachers far lower paid than other professions in New York.

Given their financial grievances, the demoralizing classroom atmosphere, and the insensitive Livingston Street bureaucracy, it was not surprising that the teachers sought a remedy for their frustrations in the militancy of the United Federation of Teachers, the strongest unit in the otherwise small and weak American Federation of Teachers, AFL-CIO. In December, the UFT rolled to an easy victory in a collective-bargaining election and then set out to negotiate a contract with the new school board. As the talks dragged on, the union activists grew more impatient. Finally, years of pent-up emotions erupted in the abortive, illegal, and unnecessary strike of April 11.

What did the UFT gain by striking? Precious little that could not have been gained through further negotiations. On the other hand, the strike exposed the factionalism that is rife within the union as well as the inferior quality of its leadership. Almost since it was organized two years ago, the UFT has been making the same public-relations blunder. Instead of capitalizing on the professional image of the teacher, the UFT has all but ignored this potential gold mine of good will. As a result, the public voice of the teacher in New York has come to sound more like Mike Quill than Mark Hopkins. The UFT, which acts as if the problems of the teacher could be distilled from the problems of the school as a whole, insists that it will adopt a more professional attitude once it achieves its economic goals. Meanwhile, the union pays only lip service to the basic processes of education in New York.

In this, the UFT is not alone. Parents, too, are sometimes more concerned with traffic lights and lunchrooms than they are with what goes on inside the classrooms. Even the Board of Education spent little time on pedagogy until recently. Frank Adams, the former police commissioner who was one of the more outspoken members of the old board, recalls: "During my more

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than four years on the Board of Education, the agenda was so clogged with administrative details that the question of curriculum was not discussed, not even once."

All this may be changing. Since taking over last fall, the new school board has cut the agenda from some one hundred items (samples: approving changes in pipe specifications and resolutions authorizing the hiring of clerks) to fewer than twenty. "I hope that we will be able to spend a quarter of our time on curriculum," Max Rubin said shortly after being elected president of the new board. Rubin, an able and articulate attorney who has since been re-elected to the board presidency, was probably overoptimistic, but his estimate does show the direction in which the new board would like to move.

So far, however, it has not moved very far. On the plus side, the board has advanced a sensible plan for decentralizing Livingston Street's almost monolithic control by delegating certain powers to revitalized local school authorities. Rubin, in particular, thinks that by "reducing the school system to a size that people can understand, New York can make its schools a focus of neighborhood pride and interest."

Rubin and his colleagues have struggled valiantly—and in many ways successfully—to undo the damage wrought to the building program during several years of maladministration. The board has advanced many proposals for solving the school's monumental plant problems (it costs twice as much to build an elementary school in many parts of Manhattan than it does in some of the suburbs). It has suggested that schools be made part of office buildings to be erected on valuable city-owned real estate, that schools be incorporated in new housing projects, and that the city try out mobile classrooms that can be shifted from site to site as older buildings are refurbished. It has hired an architect to develop a flexible domed building for use as an experimental center for ungraded elementary schools. There are also indications that the board hopes to promote closer co-operation with the several university schools of education in New York. In the past, the local teachers' colleges usually took their educational experiments to the suburbs rather than to Livingston Street.

However, as the board itself admitted in a recent report to the state commissioner of education in Albany, "The matter of collective bargaining has taken a great deal of the time and effort of the staff and of the board." The board probably should have spent more time in negotiations, not less. The great mistake was in assigning the inexperienced superintendent of schools, John J. Theobald, to handle the early stages of talks with the UFT. This was all the more mystifying because the board numbers among its members such experienced labor-relations experts as Mrs. Rosenberg, Mr. Garrison and Morris Iushewitz, secretary-treasurer of the city AFL-CIO Council. That Theobald mishandled the negotiations was obvious from the UFT's honest confusion over how much money the Board of Education had to offer in salary increases.

Even before the formal conclusion of negotiations, Theobald disclosed that he was giving up his $37,500

post for a better-paying job in private industry. The announcement brought almost audible sighs of relief from educational leaders in New York and at the same time presented the Board of Education with a magnificent opportunity for charting a new course. In the selection of a replacement for Theobald, who is an engineer by training and a politician by instinct, the board has an opportunity to demonstrate emphatically its determination to break with the past.

Already, the pressures are building up on Livingston Street for the selection of "one of our own," which has been the tradition in New York. But those most concerned with education in the city insist that only an outsider can undertake the monumental job of shaking out and shaking up the school bureaucracy. Asking someone from Livingston Street to reform the schools is a little like asking Orval Faubus to head the Civil Rights Commission. Only a new face can bring the new focus and new philosophy that the schools of New York so urgently need.

SPECIFICALLY, the city must end its years of educational inbreeding and find ways of recruiting large numbers of teachers from beyond the five boroughs. It must reduce the incredible amount of red tape that prevents many teachers from achieving tenure. It must debate, honestly and unemotionally, the advantages of merit pay increases for teachers and of the virtues of the myriad changes that have swept over most of American education during the past five years.

New York must provide the means to finance new buildings, new books, and smaller classes. If new taxes are needed, City Hall must be convinced that the board of education can no longer be treated—or financed—like the department of markets or the Central Park Zoo. The city has to be able to afford better schools. As Professor Lawrence Cremin of Teachers College, Columbia, put it:

"In the 30's everyone thought better housing would save the cities. It didn't. In the 40's and 50's everyone thought urban renewal would do the job. We're having second thoughts about that. Now, in the 60's, we're beginning to realize that in order to renew the cities, you may first have to renew the people in them. The best place to do that is in the schools."

Professor Cremin may be asking the schools to do too much, but the fact remains that they have to do more than they are doing now. In politics people may get the sort of government they deserve; in education, people should get the sort of schools they need.

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Exchangemanship and All That Djazz

MADELEINE AND MARVIN KALB

Moscow

BENNY GOODMAN'S tour of Russia had not been advertised in the Soviet press or on any of the musical billboards around town. But everyone interested in America and *djazz* knew he was coming and a full month before he came all tickets were sold out. It had taken years of patient negotiating by the State Department and reluctant concessions by the Soviet government, but the King of Swing had finally been permitted to bring his music and his band to Russia for a thirty-one-concert tour, from Leningrad and Moscow to Tashkent in Central Asia and Tbilisi in the Caucasus.

His tour is a landmark in Soviet-American cultural exchange, perhaps the most exciting popular attraction the United States has offered so far. It may be compared to Soviet successes with the Moiseyev Dancers and the Bolshoi Ballet. These have been the most renowned features of a broad government-to-government program of cultural exchange dating back to January, 1958. The program was renewed in November, 1959, and this spring, after several weeks of hard bargaining, it was extended for another two years. Despite different approaches and aims in cultural exchange, both sides were eager to reach agreement; for both realize that the exchange of private citizens—farmers and engineers as well as dancers and musicians—is very serious business in international diplomacy.

The Russians have been interested primarily in picking up specific kinds of American technical know-how for use in their factories and farms, and in creating a propaganda image of the Soviet Union as a modern, automated space-age society. The United States is interested in learning how the Soviet system works, and in showing America to Russians cut off for decades by the official wall of ideological and cultural suspicion. Russia wants to borrow what it needs without changing the outlines of its own society; the United States hopes that as Russia borrows and is exposed to freedom and variety, Soviet society itself will change.

Because American society is open and Soviet society is closed, Russian farmers have learned more in the cornfields of Iowa than American engineers have in the steel factories of Kharkov. But at the same time, a closed society breeds curiosity and a desire to imitate the new and the foreign.

A FEW YEARS AGO, when the State Department first suggested Benny Goodman, the Russians disdainfully rejected him. *Djazz* (a term loosely applied to all modern dance music) was condemned as "decadent" and "bourgeois." But for once, popular desire bucked the official line and won. Foreign jazz recordings brought back by a few privileged travelers have been taped and passed eagerly from hand to hand. Arrangements picked up on the popular Voice of America program "Panorama USA" have found their way gradually into the oom-pa-pa repertoire of the hotel restaurant bands, where they have been greeted by wild enthusiasm. Faced with this epidemic, the government reasoned that there was no way of stopping it short of the reinstitution of Stalinist terror. Thus, *sovietsky djazz*, a syrupy blend of 1930's swing and modern bop, has become officially acceptable. And Benny Goodman, as an exponent of *amerikansky djazz*, has become acceptable too.

Pegged pants and pony tails went through a similar metamorphosis. Appearing first on foreign tourists and in foreign films, they were avidly copied by the young and were denounced by officials with the same venomous wrath they might use to denounce a Trotskyite. Now the pony tail has become accepted as just another hair style, and even the conservative GUM state stores are trying to satisfy young clothes-hounds with a few narrow-trousered imports from the satellite countries.

Next came the twist, at first called the "dance of the cannibals." But Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the outspoken young Russian poet, defended it as a "modernized repetition of something created thousands of years ago," a "ritual dance of African tribes." (Africa is very fashionable these days.) "Personally," he wrote, "I cannot understand how dances can be divided into capitalist and socialist ones." Perhaps the twist will soon follow the cha-cha—once reviled, now glorified as a "Cuban national dance."

Curiosity but No Dead Cats

Soviet surrender to jazz, the pony tail, and the cha-cha is encouraging, but it is far from a surrender to the "American way of life," meaning intellectual freedom, political democracy, and consumer abundance. Back in 1958, when cultural exchange began, there were attempts to use the hard sell to push the entire package. In the summer of 1959, Russia sent a sputnik-laden exhibit to New York, and the United States staged a colorful display of Americana in Moscow that Khrushchev now recalls as a "propaganda show, meant to dazzle the Russian bear." The show was indeed dazzling: set up in modern glass buildings, bursting with washing machines, abstract paintings, supermarkets, cars, books, fashions, a model home, even voting machines—all explained and defended by young Russian-speaking American guides. Fifty thousand Russians jammed the exhibit every day, and another fifty thousand pressed eagerly against the fence outside. On the last day, the Soviet authorities relented and permitted a hundred thousand visitors. The fair was so popular that its red, white, and blue badge, given out free at the entrance, became a status symbol for the lucky Soviet citizen who had managed to get inside.

It was the visitors' first mass acquaintance with the variety and abundance of American life, and their first large-scale meeting with

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Russian-speaking Americans. They asked millions of questions, as much about the lives of the guides as about the exhibits themselves: Where do you live? How many rooms do you have? How much rent do you pay? What is your job? How much do you earn? How much did that suit cost? Do you have a car? What kind? Why are you Americans so terrible to Negroes? Why don't you want peace? (The last two political but sincere.)

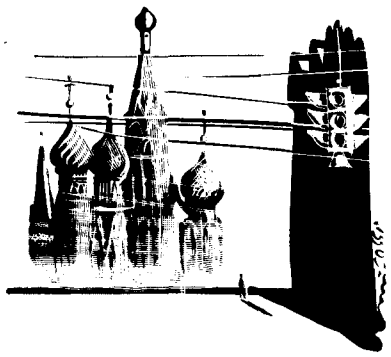
One healthy effect of the fair was that by 1960 the novelty of Americans had worn off, at least in Moscow. Crowds no longer gathered around every American tourist, asking the same questions. Russians had always known that America was a richer country than theirs; now they had seen concrete proof, and they knew what "catching up with America" might mean in terms of shoes and refrigerators. (Khrushchev himself was "dazzled" by his 1959 tour of America; on his return he ordered increases in plans for durable consumer goods such as refrigerators and washing machines.) The basic impression about how Americans live had been made. Certain expectations were confirmed, others disappointed.

BUT THE American officials who had hoped that the dominant impression would be one of liberty, freedom, and variety were disappointed. Their secret hopes that each copy of John Stuart Mill that disappeared from the book exhibit would convince the reader of the superiority of democracy to Marxism-Leninism and that abstract painting would impress the viewer with the stale dullness of socialist realism were not realized. Neither were the fears of the Soviet officials who opposed such an exhibit for the very same reasons.

The fair had a visible but superficial impact. Young Russians are immeasurably better groomed than they were five years ago, but, excited as they may be about foreign contacts in the form of tourism and student exchanges, they are not about to storm the Kremlin demanding the overthrow of the Soviet system. Soviet intellectuals can hunger for freer access to western periodicals without necessarily forsaking *Pravda*. Bureaucrats can ask for wider authority in local administration and castigate diehard conservatives (encouraged, perhaps, by a delegation trip to America) without any disloyalty to the one-party system. A pretty girl can wear a French coiffure without dreaming of marrying a Frenchman. Of course, there are the diehards who see Wall Street behind every crewcut and the radicals who see every crewcut as an invitation to rebellion. But they are rare types.

Traveling Sideshows

This general lesson in Soviet psychology was learned thoroughly after the 1959 exhibit. The evangelism of 1959 has been modified; the sweeping aims have been replaced by more modest and more realistic ones. The hard sell has given way to the soft sell, and the



dazzling Moscow exhibit to the sober, practical traveling exhibit—which concentrates on one subject, costs less, and can move easily. Once Moscow had begun to understand America, the hinterland beckoned.

In the summer of 1961, "Plastics, USA" opened a three-month tour of Kiev, Moscow, and Tbilisi. An estimated 375,000 Russians visited this small, tasteful show. To the plastics specialists studying the exhibits on the use of plastics in industry and medicine, the show proved that the United States was at least a decade ahead in the field. To the admiring consumer, gazing at the toys, the containers, the shiny red car, it was additional evidence of American ingenuity. In Moscow there was none of the excitement of the 1959 fair, but none of the bewilderment either.

"Transport, USA," moved into Kharkov in the Ukraine and Stalingrad on the Volga in the fall of 1961, just before Stalingrad became Volgograd. It drew about 250,000 visitors, who were fascinated by the cars, which they knew were privately owned, but a bit skeptical about the monoplanes, which they could not believe were privately owned.

"Medicine, USA," opened this spring. It was staffed by Russian-speaking doctors, dentists, nurses, and technicians recruited all over America, rather than by USIA guides. These enthusiastic specialists explained the shiny equipment both to the general public and to a great many Soviet doctors in Moscow, Kiev, and Leningrad who appreciated the technology but invariably were critical about the cost of medical care in the United States.

American officials hope to expand the flow of specialized exhibits. The Russians, whose equivalent exhibits, on children's books and children's art, have enjoyed only a polite reception in the United States, are less interested. They know that Americans tend to be blasé about foreign exhibits, while Russians continue to find them exciting largely because they are foreign. Still, in the new exchange agreement the Russians have agreed to exchange three more small traveling exhibits: one each on technical books and graphic arts, the third involving a Soviet exhibit on metal-cutting equipment and an American exhibit of communications.

THE PEOPLE who visit foreign exhibits and are curious about foreign life would probably flock to lectures by visiting American scholars if that were possible. But the annual exchange of some twenty Russian and American graduate students and a handful of professors provides no such opportunities for the general public. Such academic guests are not invited to give after-dinner talks at the local civic clubs; they are generally not invited to lecture even within the university proper.

For most of the American students, the year is consumed by a frustrating battle to get access to the archives for research on a dissertation or postdoctoral work and by a fascinating long-term exposure to a phase of Soviet life that diplomats and journalists rarely experience. The frustration is greatest for his-

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torians, political scientists, and economists, especially those working on contemporary subjects. Archives are generally closed, students in one's own field are not especially accessible (foreign students generally are kept as separate as possible, and this does not apply only to Americans), while requests to visit a particular collective farm or factory to study labor productivity may produce a year-long negative. Still, these Americans have absorbed the reality of Soviet life, and they return to their universities with a richer appreciation of how the Soviet Union works. In addition, no matter how limited the contact between Russian and American students may be, there is still an opportunity for Russians over a long period of time to absorb some foreign ideas and perhaps to blend them into their world view.

The warmest of the academic exchanges are the short-term visits by delegations of professors, especially scientists. There are few conflicts of interest, and between the reading of learned papers a good deal of friendly professional talk is exchanged. The more than eight hundred American biochemists who came to Moscow last summer for an international congress found the most hospitable atmosphere ever recorded here. Many of the scientists were invited to the homes of their Soviet colleagues, where the conversation ranged far beyond science, touching on everything—with the exception of politics.

The International Language

But the contacts that have the most direct and substantial impact on the general public are in the arts. Musicians have found the warmest welcome, because they are the least political. The roster of exchanges includes many of the great performers of both countries: singers Zara Dolukhanova, Roberta Peters, Jan Peerce, and George London; pianists Sviatoslav Richter, Emil Gilels, Vladimir Ashkenazy, and Byron Janis; violinists David Oistrakh, Leonid Kogan, and Isaac Stern; the Moiseyev Dancers, the Bolshoi and Kirov Ballets, and the American Ballet Theatre; the New York Philharmonic and the Michigan University Band; and, perhaps most sensational here, traveling companies of *Porgy and Bess* and *My Fair Lady*.

But while the United States has an endless stream of first-rate opera stars, pianists, violinists, and symphony orchestras—as well as musical comedies, jazz, and folk artists—the Soviet range is more limited.

Russia's solo musicians are magnificent; most of its orchestras are not. "It's odd in a collectivized society," a visiting American musician remarked, "but they don't work together easily. They all want to be soloists." The Leningrad Symphony, considered the country's best, is scheduled to visit the United States on this year's exchange program.

The Soviet musical world has taken to exchangemanship very naturally. An apolitical breed, Russian musicians have always been an important part of a European tradition dating back to the early nineteenth century, and their links with America have been especially close. Tchaikovsky, they proudly remind Americans, conducted at the opening of Carnegie Hall in 1888. Even artists of the stature of Gilels and Richter return enriched from a foreign tour. Their musical experience has broadened; they have heard new works and unfamiliar artists, and discussed music with musicians of different schools; and both their audiences and their students benefit from their experiences.

No one is more enthusiastic about the Barber, Britten, and Hindemith works that have been gradually added to the Soviet musical repertoire than the young music students who make up about two-thirds of any concert audience. These students, passionately involved in music, have opportunities undreamed of ten years ago. The recently concluded Tchaikovsky Music Competition demonstrated the government's approval of international musical contacts. Young pianists, violinists, and cellists from all over the world came to compete for the prizes. The competition was avidly followed by the music students of Moscow. On the night the prizes were to be announced, as the jury of internationally famous musicians were making their decision the students massed outside the conservatory and shouted "Ogdon! Ogdon! Ogdon!" John Ogdon, an Englishman, split first prize with Soviet pianist Vladimir Ashkenazy. Despite a few chauvinistic Russian articles about the "proved superiority of the Soviet musical school," the atmosphere among judges and contestants was apolitical.

In literature and drama, which are more sensitive than music, the same cautious process of incorporating western works has been going on for the last two or three years. For a long time, American literature had stopped with Mark Twain, Dreiser, Sinclair Lewis, Steinbeck, and Hemingway. Now the editor of *Foreign Literature* can decide to serialize a Faulkner novel after only a cursory check with the ministry of culture. A producer such as Mrs. Anisimova-Wolf can decide to stage Tennessee Williams's *Orpheus Descending* in Moscow, and another producer can decide to put a play by William Saroyan in his ancestral Armenia. All were reviewed cautiously, but disapproval was reserved for certain aspects of American life revealed by the works, not for the writers themselves or for the producers or editors who had introduced them.

Such artistic initiatives were very difficult in the past. Now they are just difficult. The Soviet authorities, imprisoned by an inferiority complex and an ideological obsession, frequently refuse to entertain the idea of something new and foreign, simply because it is new and foreign. The Soviet society is weighted down by inertia. Nothing changes easily. Institutions are geared to block change rather than to channel it from creator to public.

A young man with a bright idea needs the support of someone at the top—away up top—to get his idea to the point of serious consideration. Sometimes the bureaucracy and tradition have been so inflexible that it has taken the direct intervention of Khrushchev to push an idea through to acceptance. Sometimes not even Khrushchev can do it.

Give and Take

To an extent, cultural exchange has helped the innovator buck the system by providing an institutional channel for breaking through the red tape and importing some of the

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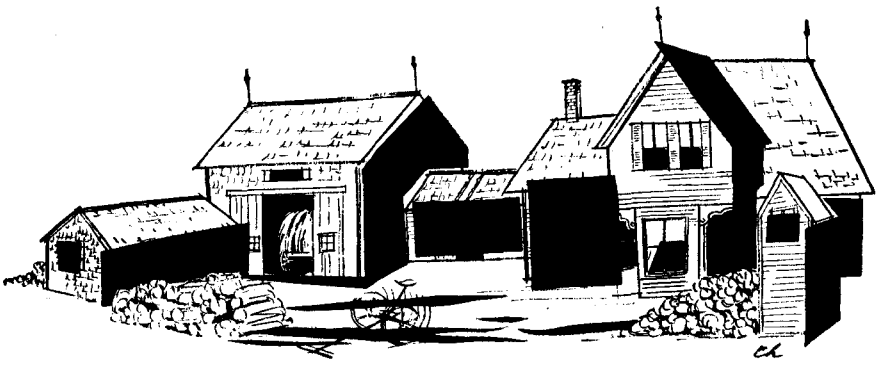
more serious western cultural trends and productions, as well as by reinforcing some liberal tendencies that already exist within a narrow stratum of Soviet society. If the government permits Benny Goodman, a foreigner, to play, how can it condemn Soviet musicians who copy his style or try to work out a jazz style of their own?

This has produced an interesting paradox. In the United States, the exchange program has contributed to increase the government's awareness of the importance of encouraging the arts. Government funds are being used to send private musical, ballet, and theater troupes to a foreign country to represent the United States. This is something new in the American tradition, for arts and state have always been as separate as church and state. Meanwhile, the Soviet Union, which has been noted for government control over culture, has agreed to a program that may in turn stimulate what we consider a more "normal," i.e., nongovernmental, flow of culture and ideas, within the Soviet Union as well as with foreign countries.

Both nations are in cultural exchange for keeps, both hoping to attain ultimate ends through gentlemanly means. The big problems of Berlin and nuclear testing remain, a context in which cultural exchange is small stuff. The musician who thinks he can bridge all gaps through music is dreaming. But if he realizes that all he can hope to do is stimulate ideas, he will be accomplishing a great deal; perhaps even making a contribution toward the evolution of a less belligerent form of government in the Soviet Union.

The Russians are sure they can adopt whatever they want of American life without the rest of it contaminating the essence of Marxism-Leninism. Maybe they are right. Up to now, the system has not changed basically, despite the success of a Benny Goodman. But exchanges have helped to bring about a situation in which the Soviet government is beginning to allow, without actively encouraging, an expansion in the sphere of permissible cultural innovation that may become significant some day. That day is clearly a long way off.

VIEWS & REVIEWS



Green Hay

From a forthcoming novel, 'The Bones of Plenty'

LOIS PHILLIPS HUDSON

Will had mowed his last field of hay and raked it and turned it once when the clouds appeared one day in the clear northwestern sky. The clouds probably did not mean rain, for rarely had summer clouds brought rain in the last nine summers. But while the wheat could still profit from rain, and rain on the garden could save rows of dying plants, rain on nearly cured hay would only damage it, cause extra labor in turning it, and run him short of time for other things he had to get done before the threshing began. He already had all the outside haystacks he had planned on, and this premium hay was for the mow.

He walked through the field studying the sky, feeling the formidable drag of the pain. He didn't know but what he might be too sick to work one of these days. If he lost time with the hay and then had to take a couple of days off in bed, he'd be impossibly far behind. He stuck his fork into a long pile of sweet alfalfa and lifted. The hay was on the green side, no doubt of it. If he put this hay into the mow and turned it into musty compost, he would never forgive himself. But his belly felt as if he had used the fork on himself instead of the hay.

Rain, sickness, mold, time—these things all had their laws, some of which he understood and some of which he did not. Sometimes the laws worked together usefully, from a man's point of view, and sometimes they did not. Sometimes rain and mold and time made compost just as he wanted them to. Sometimes, if a man had been unlucky or foolish, they made spoiled hay. Decay, sickness, death—sometimes, from a man's point of view, they were good, and sometimes bad. A man's life was totally dependent upon the same microscopic events that would eventually destroy his life and return him to dust. Sometimes it appeared that he had more choice—or at least more leeway—in his manipulations of the laws than he had at other times. Sometimes he felt forced to confront the laws with his own needs and risk himself to his own ignorant impertinence. The hay was green, but he would put it away now. He went to town to get help before the rain came. He bought some chewing tobacco and hired Herman Schlaht's boy Buddy on the spot. Then they got Carl

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Stensland from the pool hall and rushed back to the hayfield.

They set to at a frantic pace. The clouds rolled and blackened, and heat lightning flashed around them in tiers of silent white flames that ignited half the sky. In a few hours the three men had swung the last load on the lift in through the high gaping doors of the mow, and stuffed it to the roof with the rich-smelling hay. Despite the drought, the alfalfa had not done too badly. Will was well satisfied to have the top half of his big barn filled with such fine winter pasture, and he was glad he had decided to put it away before rain could wash it out and a second curing would bake more of the nourishment out of it.

The clouds stayed there in the northwest all day, but they did not move any nearer and they began to turn lighter. Perhaps a breeze would spring up in the night and blow the clouds over his fields and he would wake to the sound of rain. Then he would lie in the darkness rejoicing that rain had come and exulting because for once he had managed to win against the weather.

NEXT MORNING the clouds were gone but the sky was less pure than usual. The air was sultry, but there was no rain in it; if they got any precipitation at all, it would be a twenty-minute hailstorm that would beat the wheat down flat and thresh out all the grain and bury it in a slushy white wasteland. In the afternoon the sky began to clear, with the sun growing ever brighter and hotter. The vanished clouds had not been, after all, the overtures of a repentant universe about to send forth the fountains it had so long stopped. Still, there was reason to be grateful; for the murderous balls of ice had been up there and they, like the rain, had gone away again.

After that there were no more clouds. Each day seemed unnatural, endless. When he went out to milk in the evening at six o'clock, with the sun still hours away from setting, the air seemed as hot as it had at noon or at two or four.

Finally one night as he leaned in the doorway of the smothering barn, he confessed to himself that he would have to take it easy the next day unless either the heat or the pain let up a little. The combination was doing him in. He was so tired that his eyes kept losing their focus on his nine milch cows filing through the door. They kept fading into insubstantial blotches. He was shaken by his pity for the weary blotches. All day long the sun crushed them, withered them. How could they hold back enough water to make their milk? Maybe he ought to skip the milking tonight. Maybe they wouldn't care whether they were milked or not. Maybe this was the day he should have spent resting. Maybe this was the night he wouldn't make it through the chores.

HE DIRECTED himself into the barn, into the first stall. He slid the wooden stanchion against the neck of the first cow. The block of wood that braced the bar felt abnormally big in his hand. Fingers swollen with the heat, he thought. He went in and out of eight more stalls, pushing the stanchions, letting the wood blocks fall. The blocks made a hollow sound as though they were quite far away—much farther than the length of his arm. The heat, he thought, the heat deadened the air between his ear and the sound.

He went to Charlotte—black mean grouchy Charlotte—and clipped her tail to the wire above the stall. Then he snapped the kickers around her smeared legs. She always dirtied herself worse than any other cow. He looked around for the rag to clean her with, but it seemed to be missing. Rose would bring another.

He began milking the cow by the pasture door of the barn. Rose would come soon and begin at the other end of the line. The first jets of milk broke sharply against the sides of the pail between his knees and made a hissing metallic echo that was too close to his ear. Peculiar, how sounds were all coming from the wrong distances. He settled in to the rhythm of the job, leaning forward on his one-legged stool and resting his forehead against the cow's soft, heated belly. The two thin lines of milk steadily punctured the rising white froth. The sound of the first stream was always pitched higher than the second. Spit-spat, spit-spat, spit-spat, spit-spat, spit . . .

HE WAS SPRAWLING in the straw, the white froth was wetting his legs, the pail was banging the cow's shanks, the cow was trampling him, she was bending his shin the wrong way, she was breaking it, the roof was flying apart and the sound of flames was booming in his ears.

He heard Rose's screams contending with the cows and the flames, and then the screams shaped themselves into his name.

"I'm all right!" he shouted. "Go back! Go back! Shut your doors! The draft! Stay out! Go back!" Even while he was shouting, gulping smoke, tearing his throat, he could not hear any of his own words. He was as demented as the screeching cows. He lay in the straw commanding his sanity to come back. No matter what else he did in his life, he could do this. He could be sane now.

The heat pressed down out of the mow, but no flames broke through. There was enough fuel up there so the fire would continue to follow its natural upward direction for a little while. There was time, he thought. The smoke was getting bad, but there would be time.

He wormed his way through the straw beside the cow while she did her terrible dance—bracing her feet and hauling back till her jawbones locked against the wooden bars, crying out, plunging forward to crash her shoulders into the stanchion as though she pursued the screaming head there on the other side of the bars.

He pulled himself up by the side of the manger, balanced on his good leg, and lifted the wood block. She was gone before he could get back down on his knees to crawl to the next stall. Thank God it was cows not horses in here. A cow could get herself out of a fire, but a horse couldn't. Thank God it was cows.

He got another bad kick in the next stall and he could not really see the cow escape. His streaming eyes had stopped seeing anything but smoke. He felt his way in and out of two more stalls and knew that four of the nine were free. He understood that he ought not to try coping with Charlotte, but be-

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fore he could get around the years of morning and evening habit, he was hanging on the side of the stall and reaching for the clip that held her tail. It burnt his fingers, but he squeezed until the tail stripped itself away.

Still there were the kickers to undo. He worked at the clamp on the chain between her knees, telling himself how he would shove with his good foot and fall away from the blows of the unfettered legs. But when he shoved he did not seem to be altogether sure which direction to fall. He seemed, in fact, to fall directly into a hoof and knock out his wind on it. When he finally could breathe again, he discovered that there was no air to breathe anyway; it was amazing that a man could keep on moving after he had stopped breathing air, but he had got himself dragged up to the wood block on her stanchion and black mean grouchy Charlotte was free.

He started on his hands and knees to find the next cow, keeping one hand cupped over the edge of the refuse ditch in order to know where he was going. The smoking boards of the haymow floor still intervened between him and the holocaust, but down through the knotholes and crevices rained the live sparks, the meteors spewing from a galactic ambush that had been waiting such a long time for him—billions of years it had waited for this blunder of the stellar system containing him. Now the earth fell into the fire, fell at ten thousand miles a minute into the fire, and the meteors rained into the stalls of his barn—the drops of incandescent rain came now to drown his dry planet with light, to transmute it to an evaporating star and to scatter it in darkened cinders.

He thought of Rose, but he couldn't hold on to the thought long enough to wonder what might have become of her—the thought was only her name, as her screams had been his name.

SHE FOUND HIM lying across the ditch near the next cow he had been going to save. Her scorched eyes barely saw, through the yellowish liquid smoke of the burning grass, the way his body joggled over the strawed floor after her as she backed toward the door.

Some burning hay dropped down through a feeder hole over a manger and she imagined she heard above all the other sounds the one last sound that came from the head between those stanchion bars.

She dragged his body over the graveled yard toward the house till his weight collapsed her on the ground beside him. She lifted his head and laid it in her lap.

"Will!" she cried. But the only sounds were the wind of the fire, the snapping of beams, the rasping supplications from the smoke-seared throats of the roasting cows. "Will!"

A cough as frightful as the sounds from the barn vibrated his throat. She began to sob. "Oh, thank God! Oh, thank God!"

She went on repeating it as she plucked at him—unbuttoning his shirt and pulling the underwear back from his chest, as though by exposing the outside of him to the air she could clear away the smoke from the inside of him. His clothes were full of brown-ringed holes and there was a red spot on his skin beneath every hole.

A sensation of movement made her lift her eyes from the face on her lap in time to see the great flower of the windmill plummeting into the flames. The few surviving beams of the haymow gave way and the floor of the fire dropped into the main part of the barn, burning away the bars from the throats that screamed no more. Oh, God, God, God, what if he was in there now?

"Oh, thank God!" She began saying it over and over again.

She never heard the Custer car come up the hill behind her, and when she looked up to see them running toward her, she began to cry again. Only a few tears fell—she was too dried out to have any tears left—but the sobs shook her body and the unconscious head on her lap undulated with her motion in a dreadful acquiescence, as though it would never again move of its own accord.

Rachel knelt beside her mother and took her father's head into her own lap. "He's alive," she said. "He's alive. He's alive."

Rose clutched at her daughter's arm, yielding as she had not yielded before in all her life, and fainted, drooping forward while a little humming sigh came out of her white lips. George rubbed her wrists. Then he ran into the house for a cup of water and bathed her face with it.

Miraculously, as though her soul had deserted her unconscious body and gone clear to Hell for him this time, refusing to come back until he came to, dragging him back out of the smoke once more, Rose opened her eyes just as Will opened his. He coughed and began to groan softly from his fiery throat. Rose heard him and raised herself on one elbow. "Oh, thank God!" she cried again. The sound of her voice made him aware of the sounds he was making himself. He realized he was groaning and he stopped at once.

"The stock," he whispered. "Is all the stock out?"

A stampeding litter of shoats came pouring around the side of the granary. Their mother lumbered after them. Her torn snout dripped blood and her face was blood-smeared all around her maniacal little eyes. She had battered through the planks of her pen to get her babies out of the fire.

Rose counted the baby pigs. "They're all there, Will," she said. "They got out—every one."

WILL SETTLED more heavily into Rachel's arm. He closed his eyes. Neighbors began to arrive and Adolph Beahr came with his big truck from the elevator and some volunteers. Buddy Schlaht was the most awed of all, for he felt that he bore some responsibility for what had happened. "I *wondered,* when I seen how green that hay was, if the old man really knew what he was doing," he said.

The nearest hospital was in Jamestown, and they decided to go and meet the ambulance. They laid Will in the back seat of Clarence Egger's new Chrysler. As Will felt the car slant down his drive, he thought, it's all downhill now—just one direction now.

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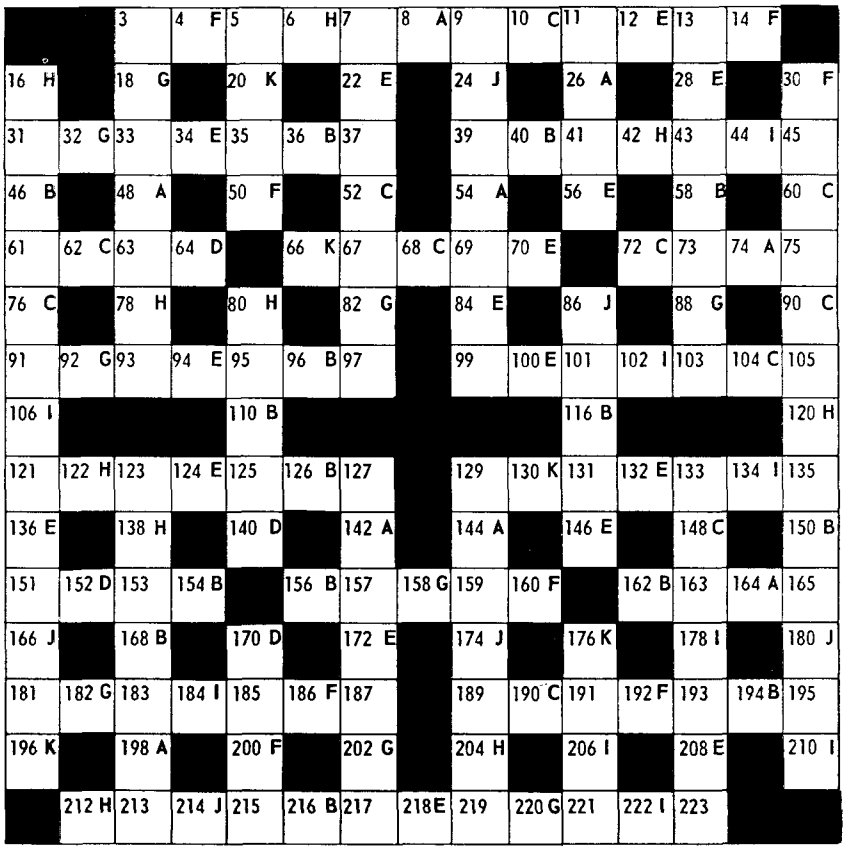
THE REPORTER Acrostickler No. 58

by HENRY ALLEN



DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 8 144 198 26 164 54 142 48 74
A master at arms (nautical slang). (5,4).

B. 126 110 194 36 154 216 58 168 150 116
96 40 46 162 156
When you do this, the commodity concerned literally becomes a drug on the market (8,7).

C. 90 76 62 104 60 148 190 52 10 68 160
Light blue or greenish-blue varieties of beryl.

D. 152 200 140 64 "An habitation of dragons, and a court for ____ ." Isaiah.

E. 124 22 136 100 56 218 132 84 70 12 28
94 172 146 208 34 A huge obstruction to navigation near Queensland (5,7,4).

F. 14 192 200 30 50 4 186 "Were I so tall to reach the Pole, Or grasp the_____ my span . . . " Isaac Watts, "False Greatness" (5,2).

G. 158 32 220 18 82 92 72 182 88 202
"Perhaps thou gav'st me, though _____, a _____." Cowper, "On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture" (6,4).

H. 80 138 16 122 204 6 212 78 42 120
A glue under one of its trade names (6,4).

I. 106 178 206 44 102 134 210 184 222
The rudiments of any subject.

J. 214 166 180 86 24 174 An Italian city.

K. 176 196 20 130 66 These have been called "the poor man's limousines."

ACROSS

1. Metropolis and former capital of the land of the Acrostician (3,2,7).
31. You don't need to mourn if called to put this on.
39. Where the invisible man went as the result of atmospheric reduction? (4,3).
61. Kinds of buoys found in open, unsheltered roadsteads.
66. It's not distant, I thought he said, with an expression of scorn.
72. The gesture of affection of Frank is soon over.
91. A kind of 31 across for unspecial occasions.
99. Man's correlative who is in the shut-eye business.
121. He's gone and dug for the minnow!
129. I ran in time to the Moslem tower.
151. Bits of food for Judas?
156. Draws the drafts of fishing nets.
162. An eye infection in the first year of life (alt. sp.).
181. Mince a point with nothing for this geological age.
189. Put a broken arch in tea and it will stick in the windpipe.
212. A container that may, on shopping occasions, be the housewife's vade mecum. (6,6).

DOWN

3. Ruled in a precipitating kind of way, I hear.
5. No-nox fuel lacks a point in this county. (Abbr.)
7. Weasels in winter and stoats in summer.
9. The wearer of these ran lest they end up in a den.
11. Did the little contribution give out?
13. The chances of this school of art these days are slim.
16. With this gun use first-class aim on cues on Shrove Sunday.
30. This British play may have an epic opening (4,3,3,3).
80. The first lady is found with only two pounds--that's flat!
86. It's foolish to be caught in an easterly blow.
123. When the ambassador is curtailed, he still has a certificate.
127. The most proximate hearer found in a nest.
129. I limit a term of service in the National Guard.
133. Kind of chart and French kind of wheel.
170. A period of time that sounds feeble.
176. The part of a sail to be used when beating to windward.

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Papa Redivivus

ROLAND GELATT

HAYDN: SYMPHONIES NOS. 98 & 22 ("Der Philosoph"), Nos. 51 & 6 ("Le Matin"), Nos. 7 ("Le Midi") & 8 ("Le Soir"), Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Max Goberman, cond. (*Library of Recorded Masterpieces*, 150 West 82nd Street, New York 24, N.Y. Available by mail order only. $8.50 per album.)

Max Goberman is an energetic New Yorker, bearded and fiftyish, who earns a living conducting Broadway musicals and lives to rehabilitate old music. Two years ago he founded a mail-order record company, the Library of Recorded Masterpieces, and embarked on the recording of Antonio Vivaldi's *opera omnia*—a worthily ambitious project, though of less than towering fascination to those of us who agree with Stravinsky that Vivaldi spent an inordinate amount of effort recomposing the same old concerto grosso. Now, with the Vivaldi series well on its way, Goberman has turned his attention to a more significant and flavorsome undertaking: a complete recorded edition of Haydn's one hundred and seven symphonies.

A good case can be made out for Haydn as music's most neglected great master. Until recently, only a minor portion of his lifework had been published—and still less of it was performed. Unlike Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Schubert, to whom nineteenth-century music publishers paid assiduous if sometimes unscholarly attention, Haydn was not deemed worthy of an imposing collected edition. To be sure, one was undertaken at the turn of the century, but the enterprise petered out for lack of interest and impetus. Apparently it was thought sufficient to revere "the father of the symphony"; he did not have to be published or performed.

In the last fifteen years, Haydn's fortunes have taken a sharp turn for the better. Haydn is now actually being played—not just the well-worn repertoire (the London symphonies, the *Emperor* Quartet, two or three piano sonatas, *The Creation*) but also dozens of masterworks that had remained hidden away for more than a century. A good many devoted European scholars and musicians have had a hand in this Haydn revival, but the lion's share of credit must go to H. C. Robbins Landon, a thirty-six-year-old Bostonian who became enamored of Haydn as a boy and expatriated himself to Vienna shortly after the war, determined to put Haydn back into musical circulation. Combining infectious enthusiasm with dogged tenacity and exuberant vitality with keen musical judgment, Robbins Landon has gained access to monasteries, abbeys, castles, and private libraries throughout Central and Eastern Europe, and in the process has accomplished prodigious feats of rediscovery, authentication, and elucidation. In addition to musical detective work, he has produced a bulky and definitive monograph on the symphonies of Haydn, edited and translated the composer's diaries and letters, and supervised the publication of a great many hitherto unavailable scores. A mammoth life-and-times is in the offing. Meanwhile, the amateur can savor the fruits of his labors through the Library of Recorded Masterpieces, for Robbins Landon has played an active part in the preparation of the new Goberman Haydn recordings.

TO DATE, three discs have been issued. Material for at least another dozen albums has already been taped in Vienna, and there seems every reason to hope that the last of the contemplated forty-five will be finished on schedule by 1965. The series not only will make available many Haydn symphonies hitherto unrecorded but will also reveal several familiar works in their first thoroughly authentic performances since the eighteenth century. Symphony No. 98, in B flat, is an example in point. The work, which belongs to the Salomon set written for London, has remained a more or less standard repertoire item from the time of its first performance in 1792. However, the symphony as we have been accustomed to hearing it is not exactly the symphony as Haydn conceived it. "In the early nineteenth century," Robbins Landon relates, "well-meaning editorial hacks rewrote all the trumpet and drum parts, changed harmonies at will, completely altered Haydn's sensitive phrasing and dynamic marks." They also suppressed a harpsichord solo in the last movement, which Haydn himself played ("with the utmost Accuracy and Precision," according to contemporary report) at the first London performance. The unretouched instrumentation with its bright, piquant harmonies and the long-neglected harpsichord passage are to be heard in Goberman's new account of the score, and they leave no doubt as to the compelling merits of the original version.

The Goberman readings are as authentic in manner as in matter. Eighteenth-century performance practices are observed in the size and disposition of the instrumental forces, the role assigned to the harpsichord continuo, and the treatment of appoggiaturas and other notational devices. Moreover, both Goberman and his recording director find themselves in obvious rapport with the particular sonorities of a chamber orchestra. The sound one hears on these records is not that of a scaled-down nineteenth-century orchestra but that of a true eighteenth-century

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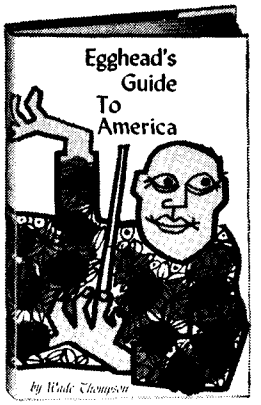
ensemble—with the brass ringing out in exultant clarity, the woodwinds in sharp and dominant focus, and the strings carefully balanced to emphasize their concertante and ripieno functions. It cannot be maintained that Goberman always phrases with the grace and lilt of a Beecham or the plastic nuance of a Toscanini. He tends to be excessively literal and rigid in his approach, and one longs occasionally for the unexpected inflection, the hint of rubato, the Dionysian touch of a highly imaginative artist. But Goberman's sense of the sonic framework proper to Haydn is unmatched on records, and his solid craftsmanship is by no means to be despised. Not every conductor can elicit such accomplished playing from the Vienna State Opera's instrumentalists.

Questions of artistic, as distinct from documentary, value arise inevitably when an all-inclusive enterprise of this order is initiated. Clearly, it is still far too early to affirm that all the Haydn symphonies merit exhumation and perpetuation. But this much can be said: there is not a tedious moment in the six works—early, middle, and late—that have been chosen for the introductory releases. Each symphony, moreover, contains at least one movement that belongs among the composer's very finest efforts. For grandeur of invention there is nothing in the Haydn literature to surpass the opening movement of Symphony No. 22—a hybrid of chorale-prelude and sonata form, in which French and English horns combine to produce some startlingly baroque sonorities—nor is there music of more tender or heartfelt sentiment than the serene cadential passage that closes the slow movement of Symphony No. 6.

In the Haydn series, as in the Vivaldi, each album contains miniature scores of the works recorded; the copious and pertinent annotations come from the hand of Robbins Landon; and the stereo engineering, mastering, and pressing are each of decidedly superior quality. All told, the recorded documentation of Haydn's symphonies is off to an auspicious start, and I am looking forward to the next forty-two albums with a good deal more than professional curiosity.



HOW TO STALK A SACRED COW

(in Just 11 Un-Easy Lessons)

Eleven provocative chapters chock full of helpful advice on "How to Launch a Polaris Submarine", "How to Enjoy the Rockettes"—even "How to Judge Art" (with the help of the House Un-American Activities Committee). The author claims his views on our contemporary culture are intended solely for the edification and amusement of Martians, saints, dreamers, and others not in the swim of things in the U.S.A. today. However, even those who *are* in the swim (or drink) can profit from Mr. Thompson's irreverent approach to the FBI, the DAR, the stock market, and other hallowed institutions.

Note: Author Thompson refers to himself as a sex-obsessed socialist anarchist. Read—and judge for yourself.

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XPEIAZETAI BOHΘEIA*

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BOOKS

Running Away

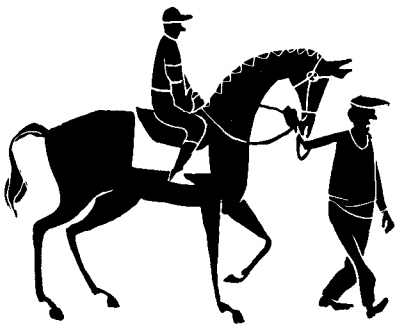
GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE REIVERS: A REMINISCENCE, by William Faulkner. *Random House. $4.95.*

The race horse had strange ideas about races: it was a very fast race horse but it thought that all it had to do in a race was to keep its head level with the shoulder of the leading horse until the finish line was crossed, and the only man that ever taught it to know better—if only for one heat of one race—was banker Priest's old Negro retainer Ned. Lightning had to win that time because that was the only way to get back banker Priest's automobile. Riding Lightning that day was eleven-year-old Lucius, banker Priest's grandson, who tells the story to *his* grandson, the author.

Young Lucius and his friend Boon Hogganbeck had to get back the Winton Flyer—we are in 1905—because in the first place they had taken advantage of Judge Priest's being away for four days to drive it from Jefferson in Yoknapatawpha County to Memphis, after covering up their departure with a multitude of lies; in the second place, no sooner were they installed in Memphis, in Miss Reba's improper but refined establishment, than old Ned turned up in the back yard. "Two dim things, a little one and a big one, were standing in the middle of the back yard. . . . It was Ned. What he had with him was a horse." As a result of a subtle, complicated, and compelling process of reasoning, old Ned had exchanged an automobile that did not belong to him for a race horse that did not belong to the other party in the transaction.

IN THIS STORY of a boy's escapade, the aristocratic virtues triumph. Southern gentlemen, Southern Negroes, Southern prostitutes possess the essential dignities—even Southern horses, though stupid; even intelligent Southern mules. The standard is courage and loyalty. It is the discovery that these virtues can be challenged, that those who possess them are vulnerable, more vulnerable than those who don't, more exposed to cruelty, more exposed to debasement than those who don't—who are debased anyway—that brings Lucius overnight out of childhood. He has a moment close to despair: "And suddenly I was anguished with homesickness, wrenched and wrung and agonised with it: to be home, not just to retrace but to retract, obliterate: make Ned take the horse back to wherever and whoever and however he had got it and get Grandfather's automobile and take it back to Jefferson, in reverse if necessary, travelling backward to unwind, ravel back into No-being. . . . It was too late. Maybe yesterday when I was still a child, but not now." That was after he had fought the dirty-minded boy who had defiled Miss Cora, Boon's girl in Miss Reba's house, by telling Lucius her real name. Lucius had to stay because he had to be loyal to old Ned's plans for winning the race. He had to stick it out because he could not leave Boon and Miss Cora to face their trouble alone. In a sense he had to remain out of sheer politeness to the old Negro, Uncle Parsham, with whom he lodged the night before the horse race: "And the evening meal—supper—was ready although it was barely five o'clock, as country people, farmers, ate; and we sat down . . . and Uncle Parsham said, 'You give thanks at your house too,' and I said, 'Yes sir,' and he said, 'Bow your head,' and we did so and he said grace, briefly, courteously but with dignity, without abasement or cringing: one man of decency and intelligence to another. . . ." An example of that same politeness, that evidence of respect, occurs at the end of the story when old Ned tells banker Priest and Colonel Linscomb what really went on about the horse and why it was important to run it in a race: " 'Now,' Grandfather told Ned, 'begin at the beginning.' 'Wait,' Colonel Linscomb said. He leaned and poured whiskey into a glass and held it out toward Ned. 'Here,' he said, 'Thank you kindly,' Ned said . . ."



THE BOY'S ADVENTURE took place in 1905 and perhaps that Southern world was a dream world even then, Yoknapatawpha County and all, and no doubt this tale of aristocratic virtues will now be taken by some as reprehensible evasion from our present difficulties. The wise thing is to yield to its incantation and enjoy it. «»

Period Piece

HILTON KRAMER

THE SELECTED WORKS OF DJUNA BARNES. *Farrar, Strauss and Cudahy. $5.95.*

Writing about the characteristics of French symbolism, the critic Jacques Rivière remarked, "No doubt [the symbolist writer] really begins by imagining a story, but he does not have the time to tell it." Instead of giving us a story, said Rivière, the symbolist puts himself in the place of the hypothetical reader; he "vibrates ahead of time as he comes in contact with the work that he has not yet written," and only after he has thoroughly absorbed the conventional materials of his story and is fully in possession of the emotion that the story (had he actually written it) might have been expected to produce does he take up his pen and begin to write. "In other words, in the symbolist work," Rivière wrote, "more than half takes place only in the mind of its author." What the reader is given is a kind of literary autopsy.

This would not seem to be a very promising approach for a novelist,

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for whom the depiction of living forms constitutes the main substance of his art, and yet in Djuna Barnes's *Nightwood* it has produced what many people regard as one of the minor classics of American fiction. But then, everything about *Nightwood* sets it apart from the main stream of American fiction and from novels generally. Ever since its first appearance in the 1930's, this series of memorable symbolist vignettes of certain cultivated and well-heeled Lesbian circles in the Europe of the 1920's has remained one of the oddities of our literature.

Around the self-destructive figure of Robin Vote, Miss Barnes arranged a number of macabre personalities —the fake aristocrat Baron Volkbein, to whom Robin is briefly married, and the two women who become her lovers, Nora Flood and Jenny Petherbridge—who are intended to represent the whole spectrum of love as it intersects with the evil and inadequacy of the mundane world. Presiding over this dismal dramatis personae, as a one-man chorus and philosophic guide, is the unforgettable figure of Dr. Matthew O'Connor, transvestite, unlicensed gynecologist, an Irishman from the San Francisco waterfront with the gift of gab, who is now reduced to cadging drinks in exchange for worldly wisdom. Bizarre as this cast of characters may seem, the oddity of *Nightwood* as a novel does not derive from them so much as it does from Miss Barnes's effort to keep them all in motion without ever confronting their behavior in direct, novelistic terms. With few exceptions, everything in *Nightwood* is recounted, discussed, and reflected upon; almost nothing is rendered in a way that allows the reader to judge—or even to observe—for himself. Amid a dazzling display of style, the curtain is always being drawn on events the reader is never allowed to witness.

Everything about *Nightwood* testifies to its affinity with the symbolist tradition. The novel made its debut in 1936 with a preface by T. S. Eliot, and Eliot's endorsement has accompanied it ever since as a kind of literary passport to polite society. He praised *Nightwood* for being, unlike most novels, "really 'written,' " and therefore "so good a novel that only sensibilities trained on poetry can wholly appreciate it." This was high praise indeed, but still a rather ambiguous tribute to pay a work of prose fiction. In *Nightwood* the sentences are as heavy and intricate, as finely sewn as an old brocade, but their very grandeur serves only to muffle and disguise the human events they ostensibly depict. The whole tone and atmosphere of the novel are redolent of scandal, sin, and wayward confidence; everything about its language and setting promises extravagant revelations of the soul. Yet it remains curiously reticent and evasive, its characters fixed in a kind of verbal frieze. Reading it through again in this collection, I am reminded of how much more its author owes to Mr. Eliot than just a preface. The bogus aristocrats, the half-world of ambiguous sexuality, the self-conscious symbolism and mythic allusions as well as its fragmented shape, plainly remind us of the world of *The Waste Land*. What is the transvestite Dr. O'Connor if not the embodiment of the hermaphroditic Tiresias? Moreover, in effecting a stylistic conjunction of Elizabethan imagery and rhetoric with the aims of French symbolism, Eliot set the precedent that Miss Barnes has followed to the letter in the writing of her novel. Her book is thus, among other things, a gloss on the literary taste that Eliot's poetry and criticism formed for an entire generation.

READERS of *Nightwood* who have been curious to sample the rest of its author's literary *œuvre* will now have their interest partially satisfied with the publication of *The Selected Works of Djuna Barnes*. In addition to *Nightwood*, the volume includes a collection of stories from the 1920's here called *Spillway* but published in earlier versions as *A Book* (1923) and *A Night Among the Horses* (1929), and a verse drama, *The Antiphon*, published in 1958. So far as I know, Miss Barnes has published only two other titles, a volume of poems called *The Book of Repulsive Women* (1915) and the novel *Ryder* (1928), which she illustrated with her own drawings and in which the figure of Dr. O'Connor made its first appearance.

It is a pity, I think, that a defini-

THREE WORLDS

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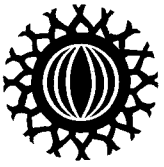

. . . *in a grain of sand*

THE VALLEY OF VISION: Blake as Prophet and Revolutionary

by Peter Fisher

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The Yale Review

274 pages $6.00

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tive *Collected Works* has not now been issued in place of the present volume. *Nightwood* is, in any case, already available in both hard- and soft-cover editions, and Eliot's preface, which does nothing to enhance his standing as a connoisseur of novels and which tells us very little about *Nightwood* itself, scarcely needs reprinting at this stage of the game.

What was needed here was a comprehensive essay that would place Miss Barnes's work in the context of those modernist expatriate writers with whom she began publishing in the 1920's. Miss Barnes's work has attracted curiously little criticism, and she is barely mentioned in our literary histories. The right sort of introduction could have done much to clarify her work for a new generation of readers.

One wonders, though, reading the stories in *Spillway* and the interminable, inert exchanges in *The Antiphon*, whether the time has not already passed when writing of this kind can command anything but historical interest. The stories suffer from the same disabling feature as *Nightwood*—an enormous investment in artifice at the expense of experience—and they are rarely redeemed by a comparable display of rhetoric.

Nightwood remains her major work. It is unlikely that we shall have novels on this order again, but in this particular case we have a work that both summarizes and exhausts a literary ideal.

Who's Happy?

WILLIAM LEE MILLER

THE DECLINE OF PLEASURE, by Walter Kerr. *Simon & Schuster. $5.*

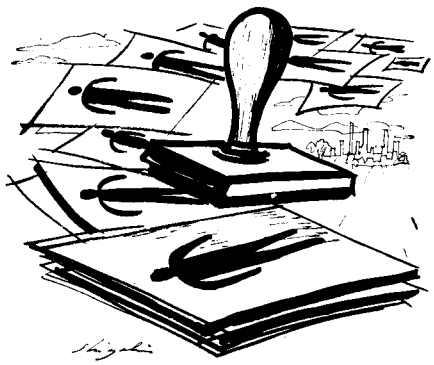
Walter Kerr, the drama critic for the New York *Herald Tribune*, has written an essay in applied aesthetics and ethics, intended to explain and correct the "decline of pleasure." The book is defective to my taste (and firmly identifying one's own taste is recommended in the book) because it is long-winded, and because it mixes chatty personal illustrations (in how many different ways can the life of the Kerr family be publicized?) with philosophical argument, each interfering with the other.

Many of Mr. Kerr's illustrations are the kind of thing one might expect to cope with in a beery bull session (Should one ever eat inferior ice cream? Does a satiety of comic books lead to better reading? Are we miserable at Christmas? Are children today more serious than their parents?) but does not particularly want to read about in a book. There are too many quotations and references, ranging from Dagwood and Erle Stanley Gardner through Dwight Macdonald on up to St. Thomas Aquinas. All of this is bound together with that inclusive and presumptuous "we": "we" feel dissatisfied with "our" lives; "we" can buy whatever we want, apparently; "we" don't like dressing for the captain's table; "we" try an evening with *War and Peace*, but it doesn't work.

Nevertheless, the ideas in the book are better than those in other such books in the depressing genre of national self-criticism and Philosophy for Everyday Living. I think Mr. Kerr's intellectual strategy may have been something like this: he would show this excessively practical society that its total commitment to efficiency will not even yield that one goal which it would most readily understand, namely pleasure. He would show how utter devotion to one main theme of American life, usefulness, is destructive of the other one, that "happiness" we are guaranteed the right to pursue. Meeting the modern ineffectual hedonist on his own ground, Mr. Kerr expands on the hedonistic paradox: if you seek pleasure directly and "efficiently," you won't get it. If he can show modern men that even their pleasure requires a certain self-restraint as well as a kind of sublime purposelessness, then he will have opened the door back into an older wisdom about submission to what is good in itself that the modern men have lost.

It is a good strategy. He knows what he is against. The enemy, clearly identified and tenaciously attacked, is the idea that value is nothing but utility. I think he loads the blame for our having this idea altogether too much on Bentham and on utilitarianism as a formal ethical philosophy; actually, the source of that idea in a modern American would stretch out on every side, including especially the spirit of capitalism ("time is money") and the "rationalization" of society around modern technology. But wherever it came from, the thing certainly is here, and Mr. Kerr is right to attack it.

ALMOST UNIQUELY among books of this kind, Mr. Kerr's offers prescriptions that are as solid as his



diagnosis. His home base is Roman Catholicism and Aristotle and the tradition of reason. He is certainly not a puritan opponent of pleasure, and he sees that a thoroughly anti-utilitarian aestheticism like Oscar Wilde's is a perverse reaction; he wants not to oppose pleasure or utility but to get them properly ordered. He wants to restore to its place that intuitive or immediate knowledge which cannot be had by grasping and which is essential to true happiness. This is all at its best in the illuminating discussion of art and the arts that runs through the book: art requires, to be itself, an imitation of life that has no "utility."

It is a brave man who would defend, in this busy country, the "contemplative act." If we are to have a continued series of popular books on what is wrong with us, then it is good to have an entry along that line from a trained and thoughtful Catholic critic. But one does wish that he had held with the ancient wisdom that a true philosopher should not descend to illustrations. At least not to so many.

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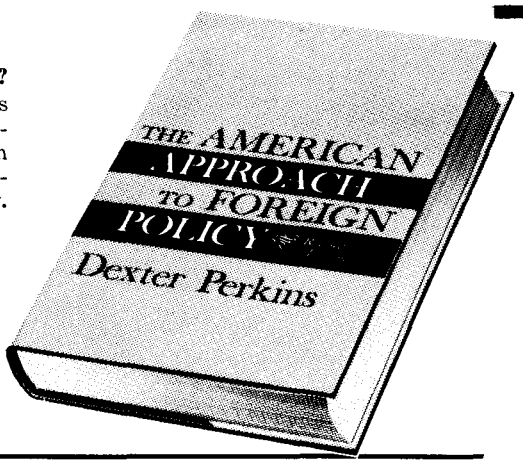

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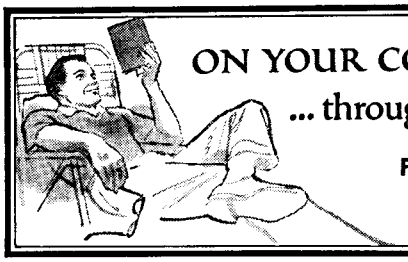

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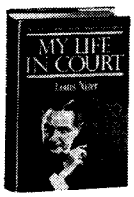

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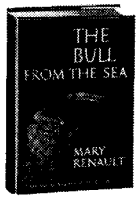

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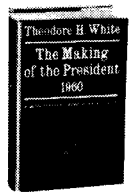

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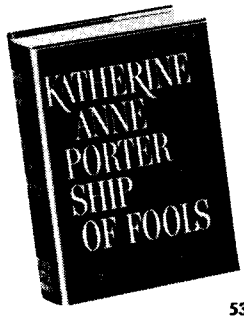

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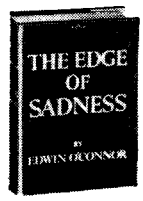

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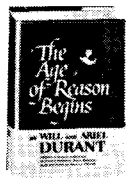

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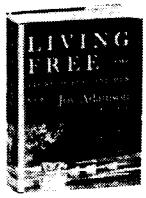

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